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Powis, Edward Herbert, 2d Earl of

LORD CLIVE'S
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1814—1815.

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ERRATA.

- Page 7, Line 16. After "room" for a semicolon, insert a comma.
- P. 7, Line 24. For "Théâtre," read "Theatre."
- P. 12, Line 15. Insert "the" before "Salle."
- P. 18, Lines 3 and 5. For "Latout" read "Latour."
- P. 18, Line 9. For "Bonaparte's" read "Bonaparte."
- P. 30, Lines 27 and 29. For "arpens" read "arpent."
- P. 34, Line 5. After "banks" insert "of."
- P. 64, Line 29. After "Stuttgardt" omit "of."
- P. 90, Line 21. For "Madam de Stackberberg" read "Madame de Stackelberg."
- P. 97, Line 13. For " * * *" read "daughters."
- P. 105, Line 24. For "Trantmansdorf" read "Trautmansdorf."
- P. 105, Line 25. For "Trantee" read "Trautee."
- P. 106, Line 28. For "Mr." read "Sir."
- P. 124, Line 5. After "Apeley" insert a comma.

Just before we quitted Dover, our landlord, who was the person who above forty years ago rode to London to announce my grandfather's arrival from India, told us that at the last fall of a cliff, while the Shropshire Militia were (I believe) there, a pig was buried, and was dug out alive at the end of either seven or nine months, I forget which. I did not hear the gentleman tell any other outrageous stories. Blackburn and an Englishman at Dover amused themselves with talking French to each other, and at last discovered to their surprise their mistake.

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JOURNAL,

&c., &c.

1814.

Monday, May 2, 1814.—We embarked at Dover * at 12 o'clock, and arrived at Boulogne at 5 o'clock, having had a fair and pleasant gale during the run, and without having made a single tack. Lord and Lady Lansdowne, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur, an Irish family, Captain Fellowes, a very sensible, pleasant man, Mrs. Wright, a niece of the late Mr. Windham, (who was the only alarmist of the

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party), Prince Esterhazy, and some persons unknown to us, forming our crew. We had a heavy fog during part of our trip, which luckily cleared up as we entered the Bay of Boulogne, and favoured us with a complete view of the harbour and of its defences, which to an Englishman cannot fail to be interesting. There are six martello batteries, which were built by the French Government to protect the small craft they had some years ago there against our attacks. We were received at Boulogne by the Poissardes of the place, who, with their petticoats considerably above their knees, came out into the sea to meet us, and, *shoeless* on their part, to carry us ashore. Never having been before hoisted upon the back of a female, I did not above half like my chance of my being soused, but I arrived safe, as well as my companions, by this unusual mode of conveyance; and when ashore, Babel itself never exceeded the noise we heard, while their offers of conveying our goods ashore lasted, and until we had outwalked them on the shore. I never in my life witnessed or heard of such a scene. We did not quit Boulogne until one o'clock in the morning. Owing to the tide being at ebb when we entered the harbour, we could not get our carriages ashore, and with great difficulty, and by forcing my dispatches almost down the Douaniers throats, they passed my goods and chattels, having refused to do the same for Lord Lansdowne.

May 3rd, Tuesday.—We left Boulogne at one o'clock, A. M. Judging from what we saw when daylight arrived, we passed through a very uninteresting kind of chalk country. Montreuil-sur-Mer is a place strongly fortified, but much out of repair. The next place worth noticing is

Abbeville,* which had a garrison besides Frenchmen of 400 Prussian cavalry : it had more appearance of business than any town I had seen in France ; nothing could exceed the miserable appearance both of Boulogne and Montreuil-sur-Mer. We pursued the new road from Abbeville by Pois, Marcelle, Beauvais, &c.,—the latter was illuminated in honour of the king (Louis XVIII) having that day entered Paris. We pursued our route, and entered Paris at eight o'clock on the following morning, Wednesday, May 4.

Wednesday, May 4th.—Having left my dispatches at Lord Castlereagh's, we took up our quarters at the Hotel D'Autriche, and were very glad to take a comfortable breakfast after our journey of three nights and two days, without going to bed. Having breakfasted and called upon Lady Castlereagh, we travelled by the Place de Vendome, where Bonaparte erected a column of the brass artillery taken at the battle of Austerlitz, a most magnificent work, and we proceeded to the Tuileries, where certainly if ever works of a nature unknown in modern times can excite the gratitude of any people, Bonaparte's works ought to excite that of the Parisians. The buildings which were in progress to complete the northern side of the Tuileries, and the quay which had been constructed upon the banks of the Seine, upon the southern side of the Tuileries, together with those build-

* Hotel D'Angleterre, a good inn at Abbeville, the only tolerable one which we saw. We breakfasted, or rather dined and breakfasted, together, as we did not stop, except at Abbeville, between Boulogne and Paris, having performed our journey in thirty-one hours from our leaving Boulogne.

ings going on up the eastern part of the palace, and the building in honour of his last Austrian campaign, are truly magnificent. This latter is ornamented with the statues of four beautiful figures of horses, which Bonaparte had brought from Venice. We thence proceeded to the Louvre, and from the windows witnessed the review of the Russian and Prussian guards. The Emperor Alexander on the right, the Emperor of Austria in the centre, and the King of Prussia upon the left, rode down to the head of the Russian guards, where the Grand Duke Constantine (a severe looking man) was at their head, the whole being drawn up in close column, General Milaradovitch commanding under him. The three sovereigns having then returned back (as I am told) dismounted, and stood while the troops were passing close behind Louis XVIII and the Duchess D'Angoulême, and paid every attention to them which it was in their power to do. The review then began, and about 20,000 men passed before the sovereigns in review—infantry, cavalry, and artillery. The Russian infantry are, without exception, the finest troops I ever saw; we have no troops at all to be compared to them in appearance. Nothing can be more splendid than the *coup d'œil* of the Louvre, one of the largest and most magnificently decorated rooms in Europe, hung round with the performances of all the best artists, ancient and modern, which the world has produced. Being more occupied by the view of the troops marching down the quay of the Tuileries, than by this wonderful collection, I will defer my description of it until another opportunity. It will be sufficient to say, that it infinitely surpasses any idea which I had of its

taste, its splendour, and of its value as a seminary for the rising generation of artists. We dined afterwards with Lord Castlereagh, and there had the contents of Colonel Campbell's letter communicated to us, respecting the progress of Bonaparte towards Marseilles, upon his road to Elba, in the "Undaunted," British frigate. How fallen Bonaparte is, and how disliked he is, you may imagine, by his being forced to disguise himself, first as Colonel Campbell and then as Lord Burghersh, to avoid the hostilities of the inhabitants of the different villages he passed through in the South of France. During our road to Paris, everybody whom I saw seemed to delight at the downfall of Bonaparte. I do not think that the hostility against him is at all equal to that which was manifested upon our route amongst the Parisians, as far as I am at present able to judge. I had almost forgot to mention that Lord Wellington arrived during the review, as usual, in a blue hunting coat, and was wholly unknown to the troops who were passing before him. It is really quite abominable that his Lordship does not allow himself to be more personally known than he is, for I am sure that the anxiety to see him in Paris could not be surpassed even in London. He is to inhabit the apartments lately occupied by the Crown Prince of Sweden. We met Lord W. and Marshal Beresford at dinner, at Lord Castlereagh's, as well as Count Woronzow, Lord Downshire, and Lord Bradford, the latter in his usual high spirits. No person can stand higher in British estimation here than Count Woronzow; and I believe from what I hear, that our notions of him are not superior to that entertained of him by the Russian army. What I hear here is, that

amongst the Russian officers there is no one against whom some ground of complaint or censure is not found to exist in their army, except against Woronzow: when a man has no enemies, he must have friends enough.

May 5, Thursday.—We missed finding Count Woronzow, and have not been able to find the Prince de Broglio, and delivered to la Comtesse de Reuilly the letter from Miss H. Somerville. We then got to the collection of the statues at the Louvre, which is truly magnificent. The Apollo, Laocoon, Venus de Medici, and the Living Gladiator, are amongst those which struck me the most during the short time I had to look at them. I prefer the Apollo much to any other which I noticed. Having dined at a French hotel, we went to the Théâtre Français, the pieces performed had nothing particular to mark them,—"Les Deux Genres," "La Belle Fermière."

May 6, Friday.—I breakfasted with Lord Bradford, and went afterwards half round Paris with him, amongst other places to the Musée Imperiale des Monumens Français, which is a collection of the most splendid sepulchral monuments, the produce of all the churches which have been demolished during the Revolution. Of course such an assemblage must be ill-placed, and no place probably can be so well suited to the monuments as the spot where each came from. They are here crowded together in a way which prevents justice being done to many of the principal ones. For instance, that of Francis I—in the recess where it stands, it is completely lost. There is a most beautiful piece of mosaic, representing two fallen angels worshipping. I passed a couple of hours in the Louvre, in the picture gallery; the length I hear

is 1,480 feet; there is employment here for months to examine these wonderful specimens of art. We went to the Opera Français. The inferior parts are much better supported than ours are; the principal parts are not so well. The Duke de Berri arrived at the theatre, and was received with great applause. The Duke of Wellington arrived shortly afterwards, and was also highly applauded,—he was in full uniform, and came with Lady Castlereagh into her ladyship's box.

May 7th, 1814.—I attended the King's levee, which was full; the levee room is a very handsome one. The Royal Family passed through the room in which we were assembled in succession,—the Duke de Berri, Monsieur, the King, and the Duchess D'Angoulême; and after the Marshals, Ministers of Foreign Powers, &c., &c., had had an audience in an inner room; the King returned, and having seated himself, each person was by name introduced to the King. In the outer room through which we passed were the portraits of the *Maréchaux de France* at full length; the only one I saw during the levee was *Maréchal Moncey*, the Duke of Cornegliano. He is a man advanced in life, with an intelligent countenance. In the evening, finding the *Théâtre D'Odéon* full, we went to the *Vaudeville Théâtre*, and saw a farce, by nature as well as by name, entitled, I believe,—“*Le Comte de Rochester*.” Anything worse acted or more ludicrously bad never was witnessed. Grassini left Paris for London this day. It is here reported that Lord Wellington is to be our Ambassador to the French Court, a report which gives, I find, much satisfaction to Frenchmen as well as Englishmen. I had an opportunity of sending a few lines

to my brother, by Mr. A'Court, brother to our Envoy to Sicily, who is here on his road to Palermo. All accounts here concur in confirming the value of which Castlereagh has been to the cause of Europe; had Castlereagh not been at Chatillon, different, I fear, indeed would have been the result of the campaign. After Blucher's repulse, all was there in a state of doubt and uncertainty,—the Crown Prince of Sweden was in a state of comparative inactivity, with a large force under his command. Prince Schwartzenburg, with a large combined force of Russians and Austrians, was doing little or nothing. Marshal Blucher had a much less force, and was, although willing, unable to do anything. The Emperor Alexander, alarmed at everything that appeared like a check; and the Emperor of Austria, although very honest and very well, yet doubting and uncertain. No wonder Blucher, who had certainly separated himself too much from Schwartzenburg, under whom he was then in fact acting, under such circumstances got a check, which rendered all these different feelings more at work than ever. This state of things having no possible conclusion, except by some decided change in the direction of the armies, Castlereagh then proposed at Chatillon, at a conference where the sovereigns and their ministers were all present, to remove the corps of Bulow, Woronzow, Wintzingerode, and, I believe, one more from the army of the Crown Prince, and place it under the command of Blucher. This produced quite as much alarm as Bonaparte's appearance in person at the Congress could have done, for the Marshal Blucher has quite as much of dash as of prudence, I believe, and all cried,—“What, risk so many men under a

person so inclined to risk everything in fighting." Castle-reagh shortly said,—“If in these times you are afraid of taking strong and decided measures, I have done with you.’ They thought and rethought of this proposition, and at last it was agreed to, the Battle of Laon was fought, the force of Bonaparte was then found to be unequal to beat the allies, and the result was the arrival of the allies at Paris, as you know. What think you of this? From what I hear, had it not been for Castlereagh’s courage and coolness, the allies would not this day have been at Paris.

May 8, Sunday.—Sunday here seems to be a day for everybody to do everything except go to church: the shops are open, the people are amusing themselves, the troops are reviewed, there is an opera in the evening, in short, it is passed much as every other day in the week is. We visited the Champ de Mars to see a review, which, however, took place near the Tuileries. The Champ de Mars is a very fine space for a spectacle of this description. The drive through the Champs Elysées over the Pont D’Austerlitz to the Champ de Mars, is a gay and lively scene, and in crossing the Seine is quite beautiful. The lightness and elegance of the bridge itself I much admire; I think I like it the best of any which I have seen in Paris. We again visited the statues at the Louvre; the more I see of them the more I am charmed with them. The Diana, the Meleager, and the Dying Gladiator, are all highly worthy of admiration. I do not admire the latter so much as the Living Gladiator, which is, I believe, bad taste,—the figure, the strength, and the anxiety which is displayed in the latter, is very fine.

After dinner we were at the opera, having taken our places early, we sat it nearly out. The singing is certainly moderate enough, the dancing is elegant, and the grouping of the figurantes quite perfect. The elegance with which this is done, and the attention paid to it, is very different from that in our theatres. Mademoiselle Bizottini is, I think, the prettiest dancer of the set. Vestris is still here, and wonderful.

May 9, Monday.—We are just returned from the Jardin des Plantes, the most delightful scene of which we have hitherto been spectators. There is a collection of minerals, probably unique; a collection of shells, fossils, of birds, and beasts, stuffed, of all descriptions and from all countries. The birds, of which I understand the most, are beautifully arranged in rows in each case, the number of rows depending upon the size of the birds. I think it has a far better appearance, from its simplicity, than anything of the sort I have seen. The birds are fixed upon a perch, which stands upon a pedestal, the lower part being fastened upon another perch, which goes the whole length of the case; upon the pedestal is fixed the French and the philosophical name of the bird; each bird is separated from its neighbour, so as not to touch it; the cases are painted white, and there being no ornamental parts to interfere, there is nothing to intercept the view of the object. Such a collection of owls I never saw, some small, some almost as large as a French postilion's boot. The variety of eagles is very great. There are collected all our water-birds, I believe;—louris, cockatoos and paroquets without end or number.

There is a specimen of the elk, another of the reindeer, one of the cameleopard, two zebras, and one young one; the basking shark, at full length, in the room which we this day inspected, besides all common sorts of deer and game, and many specimens of tropical birds. Having been persuaded by a person in office there to inspect the *Salle de l'Anatomie*, we left the further inspection of this part of the concern until a future day, and examined a most disgusting, but a most curious, collection of skeletons of human beings and of animals. Amongst other skeletons, is that of Soleyman Al Hhalebey, who was the assassin of General Kleber; he was placed with his hand over a slow fire, and kept four hours (I believe) in this state of torture, during which he did not allow a single groan to escape him. Anything more curious or more disgusting than these specimens of the decay of the human frame, I never saw. There are an immense quantity of skeletons of all animals, amongst others a giraffe, a lion, a royal tiger, and several deer. There is a very beautiful specimen of the boa constrictor (I think it is called),—a most curious one it is. There are also many skeletons of birds, the smaller ones are preserved in a most wonderful manner. We returned home to be in time for the Emperor of Austria's levee, which we attended at half-past five. It was not particularly full; there were, however, a good many Englishmen there. The Emperor is very plain in his person; his manner is that of a shy man; he seemed very happy to have Lord Aberdeen to speak to whom he knew. In the evening we went to the *Théâtre des Variétés*.

Wednesday, May 11.—Went with Lord Bradford to Monsieur Giraud the Painter, and saw Bonaparte's Portrait as Consul and as Emperor. Those of Joseph and Jerome Bonaparte, the Empress Josephine who must have been a most beautiful woman, two portraits of Maria Louisa, one of the King of Rome, one of the Crown Prince of Sweden, and a very fine portrait of Maréchal Lannes, Duke of Montebello, who was killed in the Battle of Essling. I do not much like the style of painting of Monsieur Giraud, but I hear his portraits are considered extremely correct resemblances. Judging from the only one in the room which I was acquainted with I should think it likely to be the case. We then passed some hours in the Louvre, after having been in the Picture Gallery a considerable time we descended to Salle D'Apollon, and to my surprise and astonishment, I met Frederick Cornwall there; he informed me that he had arrived in Paris about thirty-six hours before I met him, having been sent by Sir Rowland Hill with dispatches for the Duke of Wellington, who had left Paris just before he got to his residence. He is amazingly well, and in high spirits. He has not yet made up his mind whether he will return home or proceed to Italy. He is much delighted by the attention which he has received from Lord Wellington. After dinner at Lord Castlereagh's, I went with Lady C. to the Opera Comique, where I heard the best French music which I have heard in Paris, perhaps I ought to say, the only good music which I have heard in Paris. The piece acted was entitled, "Joconde." There is a Monsieur Martin who acts here, who is a very

clever performer. From the theatre Lord Bradford took me to a Madame Latour's, where I met Madame de Coigny, who is a mighty pleasant lively woman; she enquired much after my mother and Lady Beauchamp, as she called Lady Hertford continually. Madame Latour has, without exception, the prettiest foot I ever saw; her husband has been wounded four times during these last campaigns, and has had six horses killed belonging to him. After this party we supped at Lady Castlereagh's, and met amongst other persons with Colonel Shawe, who has been with Lord Wellington upon a visit for six months, and seems to have been highly delighted with the scenes of the campaign which he has witnessed. Accidentally to-day I also met with Colonel L'Espagnol, in the Rue Bonaparte; he has commanded the artillery in Bayonne, and had come to the Minister of War with dispatches, and to give a verbal account of the proceedings of the siege; he is doubtful how long he stays here, and has promised to call upon me before he leaves Paris. He enquired much after you all. He did not appear to me to be in his usual spirits.

Tuesday, May 10.—I find I had omitted to note down the occurrences of this day. We started with the intention of going to Versailles,—by some accident our coachman understood us to say Vincennes,—and so to the Chateau we trotted, directly in an opposite direction to Versailles. I was, however, pleased with seeing as much as I did of the outside of the Chateau,—we were not permitted to enter within the walls,—the reason given was, that the governor was absent, and that they had refused

so many Russian officers, that they could not admit us without a special order from the Minister of War. A bystander walked round with us, and told us all he knew about it, and pointed out the spot where he understood the execution took place, which agrees with the account which we had before heard of it. As usual, we spent two or three hours in the Louvre. I forgot to say that I found Captain John Finch with Frederick; he is very well, and in the family spirits. We went to the Opera Français and saw Prince Frederick of Orange, who came into Lady Castlereagh's box. I saw General Sacken and Prince Metternich. It is reported that Prince Esterhazy is to be Austrian Ambassador to us, —I hope it may be true, he is a very pleasant, gentlemanlike man.

Wednesday, May 11.—I have had a note from the Comtesse De Rully, to desire I would dine with the Prince de Condé on Sunday next; I have sent an answer to say, that I shall obey the commands of the Prince and wait upon him. He is in the Palais Bourbon, part of which was made use of as the place of assembly of the Legislative body.

Thursday, May 12.—We this morning went to Sevre, to the china manufactory. I have not been so highly pleased as I expected, by the whole of this splendid establishment. There are some vases of an enormous size and of great beauty there; the common services were certainly handsome, but were of an enormous price. There was a table made by order of Bonaparte, containing the heads of several of the most distinguished

people amongst the Romans, with a sketch of the most celebrated act of the individual connected with it, which was three years and a half in completing,—a most beautiful piece of workmanship, but far too expensive an ornament for any individual to have. There are 150 individuals constantly employed in this work, and I hear that the Establishment nearly, if not quite, keeps itself. After quitting Sevre, we went to Saint Cloud. As far as a splendid residence could give happiness and comfort, this place certainly should have done so. We walked through the park to the artificial cascades, waterfall fountains, &c., which at a grand fête are set in motion. I should think, from what I have heard of the description of the old waterworks at Powis Castle, that they must have been upon a plan similar to this, but many many degrees inferior, of course. The basins are of porphyry (I believe, for I do not understand these matters), there are lions, sphinxes, frogs, &c., &c., all for the purpose of emitting streams of water; it must have a most wonderful effect when the whole is set in motion. Having ascended by means of the bottom of these waterworks, we approached the palace, which is in the shape of a square, three sides of which only are built upon.

One wing is occupied by the chapel and Salon de la Messe, as it is called; the other by the emperor and empress's bedrooms and private rooms; the centre by the Salon des Ambassadeurs, Salon des Princes, and the salon where he held his councils with his ministers. These apartments, with a dining room and a room of assembly, comprise the whole of what we should call a second floor,

except a private bedroom of his own, a small back room, a waiting room, and a billiard room; from the billiard room you enter a very fine orangerie, and from thence there is a pretty kind of theatre, in which plays were acted every Thursday. The house being upon the side of a hill, the second floor, as you look towards Paris, comes on a level with the ground as you look from Paris. The lower apartments are used as offices. Prince Schwartzenburg is living there at present, and here are the Austrian headquarters. Anything equal to the magnificence with which every part of the house is fitted up I never have before seen, and had no idea such labour would have been bestowed by Bonaparte upon such comparatively insignificant things. In the salon adjoining the chapel there are casts of many of the best statues in the Gallery of the Louvre. I had a great desire to examine some of his books, but the man who showed it to us was a sulky fellow, probably angry at the prospect of losing his situation, and would not let us examine them; I, however, saw several editions of the Life of Oliver Cromwell, and many works upon the different invasions of England. The books were of a useful description, and such as probably he had with a view of making use of them, to give him a notion of the different people whom he had to deal with. Notwithstanding the whole appeared to us so magnificent, I believe that many of the most valuable things belonging to Maria Louisa, had been sent off to her by order of the Emperor of Austria. The orange trees are magnificent; indeed, those which I have seen in England are but poor things compared to those which are

here. The view from the Empress's window of Paris is fine. We were told that she sat and worked all day almost in one corner of the room, her principal amusement being embroidery and lace making.

Friday, May 13.—We again visited the Jardin des Plantes, and were again much delighted with everything we saw. I saw a bird, which I believe to be the jungle fowl; it is called the poule des Indes,—a very elegant, pretty bird it is. There is another bird of the pheasant kind, quite beautiful, and unknown to me; and a most beautiful Argus pheasant. There is a great variety of squirrels; the specimen of the grey one is not by any means so handsome as the one which there is at Walcot. I did not see any red grouse. There were ptarmigans and black game; a very fine white bear; some European as well as African wild boars,—the Egyptian one is such an animal as I never saw; some excellent specimens of wolves, tigers, lions, &c.; several animals of the beaver and otter kind. The living animals are kept cleaner and better than any I have before seen. I do not think they are very wonderful: the elephant is a large one, and there are some very fine bears of the black and brown sort. I heard a bystander telling a story in French of a man tumbling down, by accident, into the yard where these animals were kept, and of his being immediately killed by them. Blackburn admired the collection of minerals much; the collection is very numerous, but as I am wholly ignorant upon this subject, I can give no intelligible account of them. We concluded our day at the Opera.

Saturday, May 14.—The King and Royal Family

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attended Mass to-day. I took Captain Finch and Frederick to Lady Castlereagh, and called upon Madame Latort, who invited me to her sister's in the evening, to a French party. I went there, and met Madame de Coigny, &c.: much as the night before at Madame Latort's. At Lady Castlereagh's I afterwards met Count Orlof.

Sunday, May 15.—I went in search of one of Lady Pembroke's curiosity shops, in search of a small marble bust of Bonaparte's, of which I had heard from Lady Castlereagh, and purchased it for ten Louis d'ors. It is a pretty thing, and from its having a very strong resemblance to Alfred Harris, is, I suppose, like Bonaparte. I think this, as well as some others which I have seen, would have suited her Ladyship to a T, except in my having found a much better assortment of goods in each, in being dearer and more respectably situated, and being where a countess may avow having been; they put me in mind of our November trip with Lady P. There were many things which I should have liked to have bought, but I was prudent, and kept my money in my pocket. Amongst other things which I wished to have had, was a large German *couteau de chasse*, a very handsome one, with a knife and fork attached to it. I dined with the Prince de Conde, and met the Duke de Bourbon, the Maréchaux Moncey and Marmont, Monsieur and Madame de Rully, Monsieur de Livignac, &c. The Prince de Conde is a very fine-looking, venerable old man, Maréchal Moncey is a very gentlemanlike, and officer-like looking man, and seemed much at his ease; he has, I hear, behaved remarkably well in all the late business. Marmont did not appear to be equally at his ease

he is a dark man, about five feet seven or eight, with a pair of dark eyes, and talked but little. I have heard a vast deal in the course of the last three or four days of political and other news, of which I will give a verbal account when I get home. The delight which the inhabitants of Toulouse expressed towards Lord Wellington for having saved the town, by practising the greatest military forbearance, has been carried to such a height, that I hear they intend to call a newly-built, but at present unnamed, quarter of the town after him, and to erect a statue in recollection of his considerate permission to Soult's army to withdraw without attacking them, which would have involved the complete destruction of Toulouse. It is hardly possible for any set of people to express more feelingly their gratitude to the English than these people do.

Monday, May 16.—I went this morning to Bagatelle (with Lady Castlereagh), belonging to the Duke de Berri, but we were not permitted to see it, and we returned by way of Mousson (query if spelt right): it is a garden à l'Anglaise, with a kind of summer-house, which was formed and built by the late Duke of Orleans; it is really a pretty and pleasant thing,—it contained the only green grass which I had seen since I arrived at Paris. After dinner at Lord Castlereagh's, I went to St. Cloud, to a ball given by Prince Schwartzenburg; the Emperor of Russia, the Grand Duke Constantine, and the two young Princes of Russia were present; the King of Prussia, Prince William and Augustus of Prussia, the Prince Royal of Wirtemberg, Maréchals Blucher, Ney and Wrede, General Czernichef, two Princes of Saxe Cobourg were there, with a long *et cetera* list. Lord and Lady

Castlereagh were not there. No person caught my attention more than Czernichef,—he is a remarkably fine, handsome man, although he has a cast with one of his eyes,—a sort of man for a polonaise, a waltz, or a *soi-disant* English country dance at night, and fighting or anything else of a morning. He has quite the appearance of an every-day kind of man. I hear the Russians speak of him as being a very gallant, fine fellow; but they do not think him a man of first-rate abilities. He is amongst those who are to accompany the Emperor to England. The entertainment began with a play which very few persons were near enough to hear, then succeeded a polonaise, then country dances, *à l'Anglaise*, or rather *à la* anything else, for I never saw such a concern in my life,—then waltzing, then French dances, &c., &c., until supper, which was not to be compared to an English supper; the ladies only sat down, and we got our supper (and plaguy short allowance) as we could,—but the sight was very fine,—the ball was very magnificent and very dull, and I believe, every Englishman, at least, wished himself in his bed long before his arrival there. The bridge over the Seine was illuminated, and so was the road from thence up to St. Cloud. Austrian cuirassiers patrolled the road all the way from Paris. Prince Schwartzenburg is a very large man, and has not a physiognomy equal to the reputation which he has attained. Marshal Ney is a stout, powerful man, and something like Bird, of the Reilth, whom my uncle knows,—he has not so florid a complexion. Blucher is a fine-looking old fellow, covered with stars and honours; he soon left us for Roberts's, a gambling house. The Grand

Duke Constantine does not accompany the Emperor to England. I cannot say I think you will break your hearts at missing him. The King of Prussia does not approve of old Blucher going before him; the veteran wishes to be off forthwith for England. I admire the King of Prussia,—he looks and behaves like a soldier, and has a modest, unassuming appearance,—I think *he* will take in England, or I am mistaken. He has no pretension, either in his manner or appearance: I cannot say as much for all here. Sir Charles Stewart introduced me to him during the ball. It was announced to the English in Paris that the Emperor of Russia would see us at twelve o'clock; we therefore were ready at that hour, and His Majesty having gone upon some expedition, was not to be found,—so we had all our trouble for nothing.

Tuesday, May 17.—We attended the Emperor of Russia's levee at three o'clock, and waited till almost five before he was ready to receive us; this want of punctuality will not be very acceptable in England; after a former journey for nothing we expected at least punctuality. The King of France, the Duchesse d'Angoulême, Monsieur, and the Duke de Berri were at the Opera François, and were received admirably. I was not at the Opera, from an impossibility of getting into the Theatre, but all the accounts I have had concur in representing his reception as most favorable. We were at the Théâtre François and saw the "Avare" of Molière. The actors did not do justice to the play, which is an admirable one.

Wednesday, May 18.—We went this morning to Malmaison. The Empress was unwell and not up; we only

therefore saw the Picture Gallery and the Theatre. There are many fine paintings, and several statues the work, I hear, of Canova; they are certainly well executed, but are very inferior to the old Italian statues, particularly in the drapery; there is none of that ease and elegance which you there find. The gallery was fitted up with great splendour and taste. There are two good pictures of Charles the First and his Queen Henrietta Maria, both, I conceive, by Vandyke, as well as another picture, I believe by him, of the King's children. We were permitted to walk through the gardens, with which I was much pleased. They are laid out with great taste and elegance. There is a small stream of water which is made the most of; it is covered with all sorts of ducks and geese. There are three black swans with four cygnets upon the water. The Empress has a pheasantry with a large collection of gold and silver pheasants. We saw the finest rhododendrons I ever saw, the terres were in good order. I was not sufficiently intimate with the knowledge of plants to know whether the collection is good; I hear it is so; it is certainly a numerous collection. I saw the celebrated amaryllis Josephine there; it is exactly the same as the one which we have at Walcot. She gave one hundred guineas for it. The Queen of Holland and the Viceroy were at Malmaison, but we did not see them. I saw the two sons of the Queen, they are very fine looking boys. The Viceroy is extremely well spoken of by all parties here, French as well as Allies. I believe him to be a very worthy young man. After my return from Malmaison I dined with Sir C. Stewart, and to my surprise I found that he had a ball

that night. The King of Prussia was there. It was a sudden impulse which produced this ball; Sir Charles said he felt himself out of humour in the morning, and he thought nothing would so soon put him in good humour as having a ball, and so he decided upon it. Madame Ney was there; she is a pleasing looking woman, a brunette, with a very pretty pair of dark eyes. I danced with an Italian Countess, Bertholi (I only guess that to be her name); she is a pleasant lively woman, and afterwards with Madame De Rully, who wishes much that one of the Miss Somervilles would come to Paris.

Thursday, May 19.—We hunted for the Angoulême china manufactory this morning but could not see it, it being a *jour des fêtes*. We saw another, and it is hardly possible to conceive anything more miserable than its appearance. The possessors of it describe themselves to have been brought to the most miserable state of penury by the decrees and proceedings of penury. This magazine had been completely full: the whole of painted china was contained in one small room, and that not half filled. I went in the evening to the Palais Bourbon, and saw an infinity of French ladies; they do not dress in a way to please an Englishman's fancy. I forgot to mention the history of a lady whom I saw at Sir Charles Stewart's ball; a fine woman. Her husband lived with her mother, and when Bonaparte married his late Empress, Maria Louisa, he said to some of his good subjects that they must cease to have ladies under their protection, and that they should get wives, and amongst others to Monsieur * * * *; he replied that his lady was getting too old, and that the world would laugh at him if he married her.

The answer was, if Madame was old Mademoiselle was not, and it ended in Monsieur * * * * marrying his mistress's daughter; who the papa was is a matter of doubt. After all this he was proceeding to the Tuileries to introduce his wife, and he was given to understand that the daughters of Gooseberry Bushes were not to be introduced to the Empress, that persons only of condition and birth were worthy of that honor, and consequently after all this pretty concern she was only received after Bonaparte's return from Russia, in consequence of important services rendered to him during his absence in discovering the conspiracy which was carried on against Bonaparte's government.

Friday, May 20.—We started for Montmartre to view the scene of the action of the 31st of March. We ascended the telegraph and had a complete bird's-eye view of the scene. Montmartre was not at all defended; it was upon the heights of Belleville where the greatest severity of action took place. The telegraph was working while we were there, conveying a message to Boulogne. In the evening we heard that the telegraph had announced the arrival of the Duke of Clarence in the "Impregnable" off Boulogne. Lord William Fitzroy arrived from his Royal Highness with a letter written by him to the Emperor Alexander, which was delivered at a private audience, when the Emperor bowed, took the letter, but did not, as I hear, deign to say a single word to his lordship. After leaving the heights of Montmartre, we proceeded by the head of the Canal de l'Ourcq, which Bonaparte made to bring water to Paris up to Belleville. Upon our return to Romanville, we saw a house which

had been struck by a cannon shot during the action. In the evening we went to see the ballet which had been got up for the King; I believe it is entitled "Le Retour des Lys." It opens by a very handsome scene, displaying a triumphal arch, containing upon its centre the arms of France, supported by the arms of England, Russia, Austria, and Prussia. There were parties of all nations brought into the ballet. "God save the King" was played wofully ill, and "Rule Britannia" tolerably well. All the *corps de ballet* was introduced, and the ballet went off extremely well; it was a very handsome performance. Bizottini and Chlotilde were in great force, and so was Gardu.

Saturday, May 21.—We breakfasted with Madame de Castelnar, and heard again of the regard which the French have towards the Russians, and also a speech of the * * * * * which I cannot suppose to have been fairly reported to the person who communicated it to us. After breakfast we went to the magazine of Angoulême china, and there we heard a similar account to that which we had a few days ago at another manufactory, but only rather more highly coloured. The man who showed the china seemed an intelligent man; he asked us how we came to them to buy china, for all the best of the Angoulême china was in London; and he and his master afterwards said that there was china of that manufactory now in London better than ever could be made again, from the want of funds to make it, and from the want of customers to purchase it if made. The master said, that prior to the Revolution there were always persons ready to buy china in all shapes, but that

now so much were the persons of property diminished in number that there was no such thing as a customer for any of the expensive articles. After dinner we went to a famous house for play to see Marshal Blucher amusing himself that way; he was rather losing that night. I amused myself with losing eight Napoleons.

Sunday, May 22.—After having paid some visits, I went after Blackburn to the Musée des Monumens François, and not finding him there I went to the Musée d'Artillerie, which contains a most curious collection of old arms of all ages and descriptions, and models of great numbers of pieces of artillery, ancient as well as modern. The armour of Francis the First, of Joan of Arc, a most beautiful plan of Gibraltar, and a model of the bridge which Bonaparte threw over the Danube in forty minutes, at Lobau, previous to the Battles of Essling and Wagram. In the evening, after the Opera, where I saw Countess Meerfeldt, I went to Lady Castlereagh's, and saw an officer, who was, as I heard, the Prince de Rohan (I know not if it is so spelt or not), and shortly afterwards came in two ladies, daughters of the Duchesse de Courland, along with the Duchesse, but without invitation. Upon inquiry as to the names of these ladies, I found that one of them had been Princess de Rohan, and wife to the Prince; that fancying an English gentleman, she divorced the Prince, and *took to* her English friend. She appeared as composed as need be, and took no more notice of the Prince being in the room than if he had been a person unknown to her.

Monday, 23rd.—The day was so bad that we were forced to adjourn our visit to Versailles. The Prince of

Orange, Lord Clancarty, and William Temple arrived this morning, the latter in great force. We spent the latter part of the day at the Louvre.

Tuesday, 24th.—We saw the room in which the Legislative Body assemble, and in a salle adjoining it, a good portrait, I believe a flattering one, of Maria Louisa. It is situated, in or rather forms part of, the Palais Bourbon. We afterwards saw the Spanish pictures in the room at the end of the gallery of the Louvre, by favour. They are not hung up, but lying about in great confusion,—they do not give me the idea of being valuable, in anything like the proportion of the pictures of the Gallery, although there are amongst them a few fine pictures. From hence we went to the Barrière d'Enfer, to see the Catacombs, a most curious place indeed, and truly disgusting is the sight there.

August 23rd, 1814.—Mr. William Temple and I embarked at Brighton this day at seven o'clock in the evening. Our companions were about sixty in number, amongst them Mr. and Mrs. Grenfell, their son and daughter, Colonel Alcock, Dr. and Mrs. Bowen and family, * * * and his wife, a German officer in our service,—of the remainder of our crew I knew nothing. The wind had been blowing fresh all day; the gale nearly ceased as night approached, and left a considerable swell, without wind enough to fill the sails; at daylight in the morning we were still off Beachy Head.

August 24th.—About five in the morning, the wind, which had before been nearly south-west, came round to the north-east, and began to blow a gale; we

lost sight of the English coast about eight o'clock, having not run above six leagues during thirteen hours; when within two leagues of Dieppe Harbour, the wind again failed, and we made little progress for about an hour and a-half, when luckily a very fresh gale sprung up, which, though directly against us, enabled us to run for the mouth of the harbour, which, by dint of seamanship and with some risk, we entered. I went down to the mouth of the harbour, the channel of which appeared to me not to be above twice or three times the length of the ship at the time of the tide at which we entered, as indeed Captain Lind, who commanded the packet, the "Eliza," of Brighton, informed me: he is a very civil and good seaman, and the packet as commodious as anything of the sort can be, and a person whom I would recommend anybody coming to France from Brighton to sail with. The approach to Dieppe is fine, but did not strike me near so much as that to Boulogne.

August 25th.—This morning, having succeeded in getting things through the custom-house, I walked down both sides of the quay, saw the French 47th Regiment march in review order, and afterwards enjoying themselves after a public dinner, dancing, and having all sorts of sport,—this day being the Festival of St. Louis. Part of these men had lately returned from Hamburg. I afterwards walked through the Cathedral, which is built in the manner of many of our cathedrals, and is, as the inhabitants say, of English structure, having been erected by the British when in possession of Normandy. The outside ornaments are in miserable repair, and some patchwork is about it which I much regretted to see. Upon the whole, the town is handsome, and there is an

appearance of improvement which I had not seen in any of the towns I had passed through during my former trip in France. A fishing vessel was upset a few minutes after we entered the harbour, in endeavouring to enter. The people at the Bureau de Poste kept us waiting for horses until nearly four o'clock, which was extremely provoking, as it prevented our entering Rouen by daylight, as we had intended. The country from Dieppe, by 1. Ormonville; 2. Sotes; 3. Cambres; and 4. Rouen is very fine and rich, and in a very clean state of cultivation; it is a far preferable country to anything which I had seen upon my road from Calais to Paris. We arrived at Rouen, at the Hôtel de France, between eight and nine o'clock at night, where Mr. Grenfell had taken up his quarters;—we afterwards found that the Hôtel d'Angleterre was a very superior inn; we were very comfortably lodged.

August 26th.—We visited the statue executed in honour of the Maid of Orleans, which is a very miserable performance; the original inscription had been erased during the Revolution, and “*République Française,—Liberté, Egalité and Fraternité,*” inscribed upon it instead of it. We then saw the Court of Justice and the Cathedral, which is a remarkably fine piece of building. There is a great mixture in the style of building,—Saxon, Gothic, and some modern alterations, which it would have been a delightful thing to have omitted. We ascended the tower of the Cathedral, from whence we had a complete view of Rouen, the Seine, and the surrounding country, exhibiting a scene not very often to be met with. There is another church, which is a very magnificent building, but is in the same state, having all sorts of buildings, built so as to

touch the foot of the church, much to my annoyance and to the serious injury of the beauty of the church. In the Cathedral is buried the heart of Richard Cœur de Lion. The Archbishop of Rouen is the brother of Cambacérès. After the Cathedral we examined the Bridge of Boats, which is a great public convenience. The Earl of Bedford and Henry the brother of Richard are also buried in the Cathedral. In the morning, while I was walking through the Cathedral, I saw, for the first time in my life, the ceremony of Confession; what an amazing command the performance of such a duty must give to the priesthood! There are two fine monuments by the altar, one of them of the former Archbishop, Ambrose, and of his son, which is a remarkably fine one. We left Rouen rather before two o'clock, and went through a very fine country, to 1. St. Ouen; 2. Louvier; 3. Gaillon; 4. Vernon,* where we dined with our former party, who reached Vernon immediately after us. The crops of grain appeared very fine and healthy all the way we came, and the crops of apples were hanging in clusters like grapes; the river, the richness of the country, the verdure near the river, diversified by woods as well as rising ground, presented a very favourable contrast to the road from Calais. The houses of the peasantry appeared to be much better built, and cleaner and more comfortable in all respects than upon the other road. Upon inquiry, we were told that land let for forty-five francs per arpens; whether it is equal to our acre or not, I know not. We were also told, that a person got twelve francs per arpens

* Hôtel de Cerf Volant, a clean and good kind of country inn.

for reaping; that the wages of a labourer were 300 livres per annum, besides having a coat and pair of shoes found him, and, as far as I could guess from what they said, very nearly enough to feed him six days out of seven. The country may well look comfortable. After dinner we proceeded onwards to Paris.* The appearance of the country, as we could judge during a beautiful moonlight night, exhibited the same degree of richness and luxuriance as that which we had passed through after quitting Rouen.

August 27.—We arrived at Paris about nine o'clock on Saturday morning, *vid* 1. Bonnières; 2. Mantes;† 3. Meulan; 4. Iriel; 5. St. Germain; 6. Nanterre; 7. Paris. Daylight began to break upon us before we reached St. Germain, from whence to Paris is a beautiful drive. You have here an idea of an approach to a great capital, which you have not by the approach of St. Denis. We got quarters at the Hôtel d'Irlande, where Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan, &c., were. When I went to Sir Charles Stewart's, to deliver some letters from the Foreign Office, I found, to my surprise, that Lord Castlereagh had arrived at Paris, and was just then gone to the King, by whom he was most agreeably, as I hear, received. I left my name with the Duke of Wellington, and afterwards went to the Bibliothèque Royale, which contains the most valuable, and one of the most numerous collections of books in the world. The manuscripts are, I believe,

* I forgot to mention that, at Dieppe, my servant held out to me expectations of being shaved by a female barber, but unluckily they were not realized.

† Hôtel du Cheval Blanc, at Mantes, is I am told a very good one.

the most valuable in existence. There is also a most valuable collection of medals, Grecian, Roman and modern; and amongst those most curious, are those of Louis XIV and of Napoleon. The collection of cameos is brilliant. In another quarter of the building is a Musée for Prints, of which there is, I believe, the best collection in existence. I could not but admire the liberality with which every person is admitted to read and examine all the books, &c., in this place: in every quarter of this great establishment there were persons who were availing themselves of this collection of literary stores. From hence we went to the Observatoire des Arts and des Modèles, which contains models of every kind,—machines connected with agriculture or manufacture which is attainable in France. There are several very ingenious contrivances for raising water, many cotton and spinning machines, all sorts of windmills, with their interior as well as exterior exposed to view; a ladder for assisting persons to escape from a house on fire, made upon the principle of a pair of lazy tongs, much pleased me. There were all sorts of ploughs, and a special collection they were. There was a model of the method of raising water for the aqueduct of Marlet. In the evening we all went to the Opera, which was abominably dull,—Mrs. Sullivan and Miss Temple seemed much to doubt which had slept most during the performance: the ballet was, as usual, extremely good.

August 28.—It was this morning decided to start for Versailles; we accordingly proceeded there. I, previously to our departure, wrote to the Duke of Wellington to get tickets for me and for William Temple for the

Lord Mayor's feast, which was to be given at the Hôtel de Ville, which His Grace informed me by note that he could not get me, all the tickets which had been appropriated to the British Embassy having been already distributed. I also ascertained that Lord Castlereagh would leave Paris this evening, and pass by way of Switzerland to Vienna; and that his lordship would probably not arrive at Vienna before the 14th or 15th of September, which has enabled us to make some alteration in our plans. We shall, in consequence, not leave Paris until the 1st of September; we intend travelling that night and Saturday, and sleeping Friday night, and hope by these means to get to Strasburg by Sunday morning, the 4th of September. Our further plans we have not as yet arranged. We hope, at Strasburg, to overtake Mr. Cooke, who has some notion of embarking upon the Danube about Lintz, and going by this means down to Vienna, but all is as yet uncertain. Having started for Versailles, we first made for the Grand and Petit Trianon, and were admitted amongst such a set of ragamuffins as I would not have trusted amongst as many valuable things upon any consideration. Everything is arranged in the same handsome style in which Bonaparte did everything of this description. There is a very good gallery of pictures, and in the gardens between the Grand and Petit Trianon there is a theatre as neatly and prettily arranged as it is possible anything of the sort can be. But, of all fancy performances, the fitting of the Petit Trianon exceeds everything I have seen, even in France. There are about eight rooms there; a *salle d'entrée*, *de dîner*, two drawing-rooms, two *boudoirs*, one bed-room, and a library; more

taste, more magnificence, and, at the same time, more simplicity, I cannot imagine. The gardens are unique of the kind, I guess, and much superior, consequently, to those of Malmaison. There is in the garden a beautiful Temple of Venus, and upon the banks a piece of water executed with great taste, *la Ferme*, as it is called. A more elegant pretty plaything cannot exist. There was *La maison de Seigneur de Baillie, de Paysan, de Mennier, de Curé*, and another, the title of which I do not recollect, all executed with great taste and simplicity upon a most beautiful spot. After examining this spot with great attention for some time, we returned to the gardens, and from thence to the Palace of Versailles. To attempt to describe the gardens is impossible. They are executed upon a style superior to anything which I have ever seen. The *orangerie* is quite delightful. The oldest orange tree was sowed in the year 1435, and is called the "*Connétable de Bourbon*;" there are 800 of these trees arranged in order all round the garden, of different ages, and of different sizes. The houses into which the orange trees are conveyed during the winter are three in number, forming three sides of a square, each being eighty yards long, forty feet wide, and * * * * high. It is remarkable enough that the greenhouse at Powis Castle appears to have been made upon exactly the same principle that this house is constructed, under a terrace. Neither house has any fire, or the means of making one. There is no light admitted into the upper part of the house, none, except by windows in front of it, and there is in each instance a walk over the roof of it; in fact, it is only the side of a terrace converted into a greenhouse. Having

quitted the gardens, we passed by the town to the gates of the palace. The town itself is the best built town which I have seen in France. By dint of entreaty, Sullivan persuaded the Lady of the Conciergerie to let us enter it. The inside, or rather the remains of republican devastation, proved as imposing as the outward appearance. Much as I have thought of the works of Bonaparte at Paris and in the neighbourhood, they are as nothing in comparison with this *chef d'œuvre* of magnificence; the chapel, the different apartments, the view of the surrounding country, the recollection of the surprising man who commenced and completed in seven years (as we were told, although I can hardly believe this to be true) such a mass of structure, the sensation which the recollection of what the 'fury of the Revolution had executed here, and the idea that a Capitaine d'Artillerie should afterwards be the possessor, and that he should be the restorer, in part, of this great monument of Louis XIV grandeur, was something which one could not get out of one's mind. Bonaparte had begun to repair this as well as all the other royal palaces, and a few years would have seen it restored with even greater magnificence, probably, than it had at first possessed. It is now fitting up for the Royal Family as fast as possible. It is understood that it will be completed for them in six months; but, although 2,000 workmen are constantly employed upon the works, I should hardly imagine it will be ready in so short a time. We were in the bed-room of Louis XV and Louis XVI; Louis XV died in it; in short, it was impossible for any persons to be more gratified than we all were in looking over this work of the hands of man, which converted

what was a marsh into the finest range of buildings, and the most costly and handsome gardens, probably existing in the world. I forgot to state that we went by way of Sèvre. Mrs. Sullivan could not withstand the satisfaction of just looking into the manufactory for five minutes, which ended in my aunt and Sullivan spending their money, and our staying there almost an hour. We had a grand row upon our return, with a rascally job coachman, who had some fun about him during the early part of the day, and amused us.

August 29.—This being the day of the festivities of the city of Paris in honour of the King, everything was of course in motion, and there was as glorious a confusion of tongues as Babel itself could have produced. As I had failed to get a ticket by direct application, I did not like to apply one belonging to another person to my purposes, and so I saw only the out-of-doors part of the concern, which entertained me quite as much as the hotel probably would have done. Although the society of the Champs Elysées was not of the most perfect kind, it was extremely entertaining; some dancing, some drinking, swings, roundabouts, tight rope dancers, and slack rope dancers, and as bad a conjuror as I wished to see. The cotillon dancing amused me much. They danced really very well, and seemed to give themselves all the airs and graces which a set of cotillon dancers in London could do. At ten o'clock at night all the fireworks upon the Pont Louis XV were let off; they were extremely handsome, but did not last above a quarter of an hour. After the fireworks had concluded a balloon was let off, which, as it ascended, exhibited a display of fireworks. All this was

very handsome, but I should apprehend not very safe; but that was the concern of the person in the balloon and not mine.

Tuesday, August 30.—We made our way to the Louvre this morning, and I passed some time amongst the statues. In addition to the pictures which had been exhibited when I was at Paris, the Spanish pictures, which are a poor set compared with the other magnificent collections, were hung up, we saw them lying in confusion upon the ground in an adjoining room. I got scolded for not having come so soon as I ought to have done, and hurried away before I saw all I intended, and carried, first to the Halle de Farine, or corn market, which is a circular building with a diameter of 200 feet, having a central circular room of 120 feet diameter, and an outward passage forty feet wide. The height of the building was ninety feet; it was originally an observatory. The prices of grain were given to me as follows:—

	fr.	fr.
A sack of Wheat ...	24 to 27	containing une hectolitre and demi.
Sack of Barley	10 to 12	of the same size.
Rye.....		about the same price as Barley, but at present a few sous cheaper.
A sack of Oats	20	containing about three hectolitres.

A hectolitre is somewhat more than twice the weight of our bushel; a demi hectolitre being described as being about 80lbs. weight. We next visited l'Eglise de Saint Eustace, a very handsome building, with a glorious

jumble of Saxon, Gothic, Grecian, and, I suppose I ought to call it, French architecture. We next proceeded to Robert's to dinner, the party here, and a Chevalier Bertrix, a polite and gentlemanlike man of the old school, a friend of Mr. Sullivan's, having consented to dine with me at the best place to get a good French dinner at Paris; nothing could be better than the wines and the dinner. We afterwards walked round the gardens of the Tuileries.

August 31.—I had a good deal of trouble this day in getting my passport properly arranged, and at last was forced to enclose it to the Austrian Ambassador, about half-past nine o'clock at night, in the hopes of his signing it, and of my being able to get it to-morrow by eight or nine o'clock. I got half an hour in the gallery of the Louvre to-day. The gallery was full of a parcel of people who were copying the different pictures. I saw Bohn's (query if spelt right) *Ichthyology* this morning; the bookseller who had it asked me only eighteen Napoleons for it, which I should think a reasonable price. I wish, if you know, you would send me word.

September 1.—Who would have believed it possible that I should have been travelling through France this day of all days in the year. For fourteen years I have never failed doing my duty upon the 1st of September. I am now starting for a journey of about 700 or 800 miles instead of attacking the partridges, except *aux choux* or in some such way. We went—1. Bondy; 2. Cloye; 3. Meaux; 4. St. Jean les deux Jumeaux; 5. La Ferte sous Jonarre, where we dined; 6. Ferme de Paris; 7. Château Thierry. The first part of the road is uninteresting as to scenery. At Meaux, there is a cathedral, the

interior of which is handsome; the outside is much injured by the weather. Between Meaux and St. Jean les deux Jumeaux, we saw the first serious marks of the late campaign, viz., the remains of a fine stone bridge which was blown up by Marshal Macdonald, on the 11th of February. We passed the Marne, at Milport, by a bridge of boats; we did so again at Ferte sous Jonarre, which is a neat town for a French town. Upon inquiry of the people as we passed through the country, we found that they were quite as much pillaged by their own countrymen as by the allied troops. At Meaux, in particular, we met with an intelligent elderly man who complained bitterly of the French. There is a ci-devant nunnery and church upon the hill to the right as you approach the town. There is a very considerable manufactory of millstones carried on here, which are passed down the Marne and Seine, to Havre, for exportation. We were told that they were sent thence principally to America, some few to England. The Cossacks did some damage here to the Faubourgs. It got dark just as we left this place, and continued so till we got near Epernay, by which we lost some of the best of the country through which we had to pass in France. General Sacken passed four days at the post-house at Château Thierry. He was well spoken of. The person who conversed with me, told me that the Russians behaved well in general, but not having been restrained when they first entered Château Thierry they did considerable mischief; afterwards, any complaint which was made to the officers was immediately attended to.

September 2.—We went by—1. Paroy; 2. Dormans; 3. Port a Binson; 4. Epernay; 5. Janlons; 6. Chalons sur Marne; 7. A la Chaussée; 8. Vitry sur Marne; 9. Longchaup; 10. St. Dizier, where we slept at the Hôtel de Soleil; not a very good one. Both Paroy and Dormans were much burnt by the Cossacks, in consequence of their having been fired upon by the country people, as they supposed, but, in fact, by some of the stragglers of the French army. The only serious mischief which I saw with which the allies were charged, was at these two places, and at St. Aubin. For several stages, during the night, and early in the morning, we passed through a great vine country. We breakfasted at Chalons, and were detained there some hours, in consequence of one of our wheels having failed us about half way between Chalons and Janlons; the box having become completely loose, we had it taken out and refitted. The cathedral is a fine old Saxon building, the towers of which are hollow, and look like the frame only of a building at a distance. There is a considerable tract of gardens attached to this town, as they are here called, which is, in fact, a pleasant and shady collection of walks during the hot months. The middle arch of the bridge here was also blown up by the French and repaired with wood. Hôtel de la Cloche d'Or, which is not very famous. From thence to St. Dizier there is nothing remarkable in the country; all the grain between Paris and this place was carried, except a small patch here and there by accident. About La Chaussée there are some vineyards. I found that here, as well as in all other parts of France through which I had passed,

that the crops of grapes had failed; the corn harvest was good and abundant. At Vitry sur Marne there is a cathedral worth looking at; the interior is in good repair; the outside is *à la Française*, in miserable order. In the neighbourhood of Longchamp we were informed there were a good many wolves. The latter part of the road here was excellent; from Château Thierry to Janlons it had been very rough and bad. St. Dizier is the town to which Bonaparte marched when he endeavoured to alarm the allies for their communications to their rear; they moved forward to Paris and sent Baron Wintzingerode with a large body of cavalry to follow him.

September 3.—My mother's birthday. Both W. Temple and myself wished her ladyship many happy returns of the day. We went to—1. Saadrupt; 2. Bar sur Ormain; 3. Ligny; 4. St. Aubin; 5. Vord; 6. Laye; 7. Joul; 8. Velaine; 9. Nancy; 10. Domballe; 11. Luneville. We breakfasted at a clean inn opposite the post-house at Bar sur Ormain. Marshal Oudinot, who is the son of a brewer of this town, who only died about a fortnight ago, has a house and property here, which we visited while breakfast was getting ready for us. It is rather a neat thing; the garden is upon a small scale, but laid out *à l'Anglaise*. There were two painted Grenadiers, as ridiculous looking things as I ever saw; one on each side the door into the garden; in other respects the place is not amiss. The Marshal has another fine property, as we were told, two or three miles out of the town. He was expected here in a few days, on his road to Nancy, with the Duke de Berri. There are some very extensive vineyards on each side of this town. From Ligny we

passed over some very high ground to St. Aubin. The country appeared to be cold and miserable; the harvest not wholly cut, and deficient in quantity as well as quality. About Bar sur Ormain, some red wine is made called Bar, of a good quality, as we were told. St. Aubin was burnt by the Russians, as the inhabitants told us, for no earthly reason, upon the 12th of May. Improbable as this appears to be, I could not collect from any of the persons with whom I talked, that any offence was given to them to provoke this act of hostility. Between Laye and Joul we passed through a village called Fou, where, upon enquiring the name of the village, an old ugly woman told us its name, and added, "Que les sages y restent, et les Fous passent." Upon looking at her countenance, I confess I differed in opinion with her, unless she was much inferior to her countrywomen in beauty and appearance. Joul is a fortified town, with a handsome cathedral. From Velaine to Nancy we passed through part of an immense forest. It was unluckily getting dark as we got to Nancy, which prevented our seeing anything but the church of St. Sebastian, and the cathedral, which is built upon the same plan with that of Vitry. The organ at Vitry is opposite the door on the north side of the church; this is over the great entrance. Neither of these cathedrals had the double communion table, which is common in most Catholic churches. There was a battalion of the Imperial (French) Guards. I only saw them individually; they appeared very fine men. We dined at the Hôtel de Paris, and were as ill waited upon, and found the house and all belonging to it as dirty and bad as it was possible for any hotel to be. The Hôtel de Londres is, I hear, a good one;

at all events it cannot be so bad as the Hôtel de Paris. Luneville we passed in the dark; it is a considerable town, and has derived importance from the negotiations which were carried on there in 1801, when Austria made such considerable concessions to Bonaparte.

September 4.—We travelled on all night; it continued dark until we got beyond Blamont, 1. to Benaménil; 2. Blamont; 3. Heming; 4. Sarrebourg; 5. Hommaring; 6. Phalsbourg; 7. Saverne; 8. Wasselonne; 9. Itenheim; 10. Strasbourg. Between Blamont and Phalsbourg a great proportion of grain was still uncut; in all other districts of France, except between Ligny and St. Aubin, it is all or nearly all carried. Between Blamont and Heming you pass a sheet of water, which is only interesting because I had seen none since I left England. At Heming I saw a great many goats,—it had much the appearance of a very poor Welsh village. At Phalsbourg we breakfasted at the Hôtel des Bœufs: this town is fortified,—it was besieged, not in form, by some Badenese troops, and received a good deal of injury; the troops which defended it I saw pass by the town, consisting of two battalions of the 6th Regiment of the Line, and one of Chasseurs. Amongst them were some men who had returned from England, and were still dressed in our prison dress. The hotel is a good one. The town is more German than French, as indeed is all the country from hence to Strasbourg. A hundred years of French education has not yet converted the inhabitants. We had a bottle of excellent noyau put before us at breakfast of which I only just tasted; William Temple took a glass of it very kindly; it was certainly very good, and is

the manufacture of this town. Between Phalsbourg and Saverne we passed the line of hills which separate Lorraine and Alsace; you pass along a fine range of woods for three or four miles. After having travelled for several stages through a miserable tract of country, I shall not attempt to describe the delight I felt at viewing the rich and extensive vale below us. The people were preparing a triumphal arch to celebrate the arrival of the Duke d'Angoulême, who is expected here in a few days, upon whose arrival there is to be a grand fête. There is no part of my journey which I had hitherto enjoyed so much as this and the next stage. To the right of Saverne there are the remains of three old castles, which I regretted I had not time to explore. The postilion informed us that they were said to be many years ago the property of three brothers, but he was unacquainted with their further history. The harvest is all got in between these mountains and Strasburg, except some beans, some hemp, and some Indian corn. There is a considerable quantity of tobacco grown in this neighbourhood. We got to Strasburg about three o'clock on Sunday, after a journey from Paris of about seventy-six hours. It is impossible not to notice the difference in the appearance of the last three or four small towns through which we passed, from those which are really French,—the cleanliness and comfort of their appearance must strike any person.

Strasburg.—In the Eglise de St. Thomas are the monuments erected to the memory of Marshal Saxe and Professor Oberlin: the figure of the Marshal is remarkably fine,—in other respects I was disappointed. The other of

Professor Oberlin, by a native artist, is neat and elegant, and will help to perpetuate the memory of so eminent a scholar: he was born August 8, 1735, and died on the 10th of October, 1806. I bought one medal with a representation of Marshal Saxe's monument, and another with the representation of the Cathedral. In the same church are shown to you the bodies of Prince Louis de Nassau Sarbruck, &c., his son and daughter, which had been embalmed,—the Prince was, I believe, buried in 1502; his body is in a perfect state of preservation,—that of his daughter is in a good state,—that of his son was almost wholly perished. We ascended the Cathedral; the tower is beautiful—the body of the church rather disappointed me; the painted glass is extremely handsome, but there is so much of it, that it spreads a gloom through the whole interior of the building. Strasburg was blockaded for three months by the allies, but never entered by them, and it appears that only one shot was fired into the town, and that owing to accident. The gardens are very handsome and extensive. The Maréchal Kellerman, a native of Strasburg, commands the garrison, which consists of six or seven thousand men; he lives in the Palace, and we were therefore not able to see it. We dined and slept at the Hôtel St. Esprit, a very good house, and left it early the next morning for Carlsruhe.

September 5, 1814.—We went 1. to Kehl; 2. Bischofsheim; 3. Stollhofen; 4. Rastadt; 5. Ettlingen; 6. Carlsruhe, where we dined and slept. The hotel, the Croix d'Or was full, and we went to another, La Cour de Zahringen, which was tolerable, but William Temple com-

plained bitterly of fleas. Carlsruhe* is a remarkably neat, elegant town; we went, immediately upon our arrival, to the palace,—we had no difficulty in seeing it. The Grand Duke is married to a wife of Bonaparte's choosing for him; she is, I am told, a very pretty, pleasing woman. He did not receive her for some time after he was married, so much did he dislike the marriage; she contrived at length to get round, and we were given to believe that he is much attached to her. The Empress of Russia, and the late Queen of Sweden, Countess Gottorp, were both here. The town is in the shape of a fan, with the palace at that end which would serve as a handle; it is a handsome building, and well fitted up. There is a very handsome bedroom, which was fitted up for Bonaparte, in which he slept; the King of Prussia has since slept in the same apartment. At the end of the gallery, where all the public dinners are given, is a tower, from which you have a very good view of the town, the adjacent country, particularly of the gardens, and the extensive woodlands adjoining to them, which are cut into *allées de chasse*. We were told that the Botanical Garden was very well attended to,—we did not see it. We were unable to see the pheasantry, because the Grand Duke and his family were dining at the Château; we were told that it was very well worth seeing,—the collection of pheasants is very large, and the whole was admirably arranged. Carlsruhe is rather out of the road, but it is so well worth seeing, that we were much

* We were told that Carlsruhe contained about 16,000 inhabitants. I doubt it. The Grand Duke has about 12,000 troops.

pleased at not having passed by it. Here the inhabitants fully express their dislike of Bonaparte, and the satisfaction they feel at his deposition. A considerable church was building at Carlsruhe. The road from Strasburg to Carlsruhe is through a fine level country, which lies between the mountains of the Black Forest, or a continuation of them and the Rhine; it is generally a rich and fertile vale. At Rastadt is a palace built by the Prince Louis de Baden, it is said to be built after the pattern of Versailles; if I had not been told so, I should certainly not have discovered the resemblance;—it is in a miserable state of repair. The Congress of 1798 was held here,—the French deputies were murdered just after quitting the town. The mountain scenery increases in beauty as you descend the vale, and approach nearer to Ettlingen. The approach to Carlsruhe is lined with a fine avenue of Lombardy poplars, which are a great ornament to the road from Ettlingen, as well as on the road to Stuttgart. I should not forget to mention the bridge over the Rhine, at Kehl, which is extremely well worth examining. I was much struck with the defences against the ice, which are placed before every pier. Kehl has been lately in miserable decay, but is beginning to recover from the state in which the repeated wars of France and Germany have left it. We left Carlsruhe the morning of the 6th September, and went 1. to Wilfertingen; 2. Pforghheim; 3. Illingen; 4. Scheveibertingen; 5. Stuttgart. When we had gone about a French post, we began to enter a beautiful valley, which narrowed as we ascended, and along which we passed, alternately ascending and descending to

Pforghheim. It began raining while we were waiting for our breakfast at Wilferten, and continued to do so during our passing through this high country, which much circumscribed our view; we had, however, an occasional glimpse of the wilds of the Black Forest. From Pforghheim to Stuttgardt is a comparatively tame country, and very far different in point of value and appearance from the rich banks of the Rhine. When we arrived at Stuttgardt, it was, unluckily, raining, and too late to see the Palace that evening. We passed Mr. Taylor, our Minister to the King of Wirtemberg, between Pforghheim and Wilferten. Luckily W. Temple knew a Mr. Knatchbull, who was here attached to the Embassy, who with great good humour took us the following morning over the Palace. I before breakfast walked over a considerable part of the town, which is extremely neat and clean. I saw a part of a regiment of the Wirtemberg Guards; they appeared a very fine body of men; I was surprised to see that the subaltern officers had fusees. The Palace is a very handsome building,—the King's apartments are fitted up in a style of the greatest magnificence. The pictures are mostly bad, but there are some fine statues, the production of a native artist. Every room has one or more ornamental clocks, each of which plays one or more tunes,—all are the production of native artists. There is also a great quantity of Ludwigsbourg china, which is very handsome. The King and Queen were at the Palace at Ludwigsbourg, which enabled us to see all we wished of the Palace here. There are, besides native works of art, some very good Italian statuary works, and a good

collection of vases. There are an immense number of screens, chair covers, &c., most beautifully worked by the Queen, in all the King's apartments. Her Majesty's suite of apartments is by no means in a similar state of splendor. I cannot fancy a man having so many fine things disposed through his apartments, and not allowing his wife some such ornaments. The King and Queen are, I believe, extremely ill together,—they never meet: she lives on one side of the Palace, upon the ground floor, and he lives upon the second floor, and upon the opposite side from the Queen. The Government of Wirtemberg is the most complete despotism that can exist; the bother which you have in every petty town or village in the dominions of the bit of a sham king, is quite ridiculous. The King is a most oppressive sovereign to his subjects; at his fancy he requires, at all seasons of the year, the attendance of his subjects, frequently to the number of eight or ten thousand, to prepare a grand chasse for him; these people are employed in this service to the complete neglect of their own concerns, perhaps for six weeks together, they are then sent away, without having received a farthing of remuneration for their trouble, having been obliged to find themselves in provisions during the time they are so employed. This kind of sport seems to be the King's principal amusement; he sometimes shoots three or four of his subjects during the day's diversion, and then, I am told, pays a hundred florins, about ten pounds, to the man's family, for their support. Nobody ever pleased a person more than Bonaparte did the King of Wirtemberg in making him a king; he has his crown stuck about in all directions, and I believe always carries the state

crown about with him. The Queen is, I hear, grown very large and inactive, and says she is happy, and that the King is a very *good husband*,—she likes good eating and drinking, and gives herself little trouble,—she complains of being too unwell to have drawing rooms, &c. I saw two or three portraits of the late Queen of Westphalia, now Madame Jerome Bonaparte,—she must have been a handsome woman. She is much regretted here; for when she was here, there used to be constantly, during the winter, balls, of which she was very fond; she is the King's daughter by his first wife; I believe she is a lively, animated lady. There is nothing to be found here but monopolies,—monopoly of milk, to serve Stutgard; of china manufactory; of watchmaking business, &c. The King has about one-tenth of all the property of the country, with which he supports himself and his government, and his army. He has not forgiven our King for not making him a Knight of the Garter. The Crown Prince is much esteemed here, but the King keeps him as much as possible in the background,—in short, thinks of nobody but himself and his own gratifications. He was very near being in the same state with the King of Saxony, and having his kingdom taken from him, in consequence of a letter having been intercepted after he had made a pretence of joining the allies, addressed to Bonaparte, in which he told him, that although circumstances at that moment compelled him to join the allies, that he was in heart still attached to him, and that he, Bonaparte, might, upon a change of those circumstances, reckon upon his fidelity to his engagements with him. Luckily for him, his minister, without waiting for his

authority, concluded a treaty with the allies, by which he retains his dominions. His Majesty was for some time in considerable alarm upon the subject. The number of troops in Wirtemberg is about 25,000,—they did themselves great credit during the late campaigns of Bonaparte. The King has contributed much to the improvement of the town here; facing his palace there are some fine walks, which he has formed out of some marsh land, which, instead of being a comfort, was a great annoyance to the place. The stables are very fine. Just as we were quitting Stutgard, we heard that Count Munster was arrived, and called upon him; he was waiting to know when he could have an audience of the Queen. We left Stutgard upon the 7th of September, and went by 1. Blockingen; 2. Goppingen; 3. Geislingen; 4. Westerstetten; 5. Ulm. We proceeded along the banks of the River Vils, which conducted us along a very beautiful valley; the part nearest Stutgard appeared rich, the sides of the valley abounding in vines, which as we advanced, and as the valley decreased in size, diminished rapidly, and were at length replaced by woods of deciduous trees. We continued ascending, until we got nearly to Westerstettin. It unfortunately got dark shortly after we reached Geislingen. The valley had narrowed much about a post before we got to Geislingen, and the quantity of cultivated land had much decreased, but the heights on each side had proportionally increased in beauty. Upon a small scale I scarcely ever saw anything more beautiful than this narrow vale, which in its various windings exhibited in succession pieces of scenery which were thrown together in a most interesting manner. There are three or four

old castles, which appearing amongst this *mélange* of trees and rocks, grouped in every possible shape, add much to the view. There is one tower immediately above Geislingen, which the inhabitants inform us presents a most beautiful exhibition during storms of thunder and lightning, which I can readily conceive. Having discovered that hurrying a German postilion is a thing quite out of the question, we quitted our carriage, and walked on with the hope of reaching the summit of the hills around us, before it became quite dark; we did not accomplish our object, but I believe saw all worth seeing, as we understand that the road from the heights above Geislingen to Ulm is uninteresting. We dined at Westerstetten, and passed through Ulm about midnight; we travelled all night, and it continued dark until we got beyond Gunzburg; we regretted much not seeing Ulm, but were delayed so long at Stutgard that we did not like to lose a night, particularly as the town has lost much of its interest since the demolition of its fortifications by the French: 1. Gunzburg; 2. Zusmarshausen; 3. Augsburg; 4. Earatsburg; 5. Schwabhausen; 6. Munich. As we were going into Zusmarshausen, we met the first drove of German pigs which I had seen; they were piebalds, light-coloured in their fore-quarters, and a dark brown about their hind-quarters. It appeared a curious thing to me to see 200 pigs marked so exactly alike and in such a manner. We breakfasted at Zusmarshausen,—the landlord put a bottle of brandy before us, by which we were not tempted. Augsburg, formerly an Imperial city, now a part of Bavaria, is a considerable place. This city in 1803, stood a siege of three months against the French army. It is

situated in a low country, near the confluence of two rivers, the Lech and the Werlach: I should conceive it to be a strong position, and capable of resisting an army for some time. The Cathedral is handsome and worth looking at: it is more ornamented than most of the cathedrals I have seen. The roads, which had become for the last three or four stages much worse than they hitherto had been from the rain, here became so heavy as to cause us to travel very slowly. A few miles from Augsbourg (I forgot to mention that the Hôtel de Ville is very well worth looking at) we entered a considerable fir forest, —from the various ages and height of the trees, it has really a less ugly appearance than I had expected. From hence to Munich is a dull, dreary road. We arrived at Munich at a quarter-past eleven, having been thirty-six hours in going twenty-eight and a-half French posts—so much for German travelling. Mr. Rose, our Ambassador at Munich, having accidentally heard of our arrival, very goodnaturedly called upon us immediately after our arrival. He invited us to breakfast, dine, and sup at his house on the following day, and added that he would give us a dance. From him we also learnt that Lord Castlereagh was expected that night at Munich; about two hours after we went to bed Lord C. arrived. Mr. Rose had announced to the King, through his Minister, that his Lordship would arrive that night.

September 9, Friday.—After breakfast at Mr. Rose's, we went with him and Lord Castlereagh to the Picture Gallery, which contains many valuable pictures; the Rubens are supposed to be the best collection of that painter in existence: there are some very fine Vandykes,

some Claudes, Salvator Rosas, Murillos, and excellent Weenixes. We had not, however, anything like time to examine the pictures, as Lord C. and Mr. Rose wished to see the Minister. They both afterwards dined with the King. We walked round the greatest part of the English Gardens, which had been laid out by Count Rumford with considerable taste. The River Iser is a great feature in the scenery about Munich,—one can only regret that so fine a stream, which might be rendered so useful to Munich, both for the comfort of the inhabitants and the cleanliness of the town, should be so wholly thrown away. By ascending a kind of pagoda, you have a very good view of Munich and the surrounding scenery. The town is certainly a handsome one; it contains about 60,000 inhabitants; it is the largest, and according to appearance, the most actively employed town which we had seen since we had been in Germany. It is situated in a miserably cold country, where poverty shows itself amongst all its crops most forcibly; far different indeed is the appearance of Bavaria from that of Wirtemberg and Baden. We walked through the Palace; the rooms are handsome, but they do not possess that splendour which we saw at Stuttgart. The King is a respectable man, and much beloved by his subjects. The Bavarian army consists of nearly 80,000 men,—they are rather increasing it than diminishing it; they are apparently very fine troops, but very young; nearly all their veterans were cut off by the campaign in Russia. After dinner I wrote to my father, and then we went to a German play, entitled “Fiesco, or the Genoese Conspiracy;” after this we went to Mr. Rose’s Ball, and danced there till about twelve o’clock: dinner

was at half-past three, and dancing began before nine o'clock. Marshal Wrede was there,—he is going as Plenipotentiary of the Bavarian Court to Vienna; and so was the Bavarian Prime Minister,—a cunning, ill-looking fellow, as any person you ever saw. I cannot say much for Bavarian beauty, if Mr. Rose had selected his company from the best-looking females at Munich. Lady Castlereagh arrived between ten and eleven o'clock. Lord Castlereagh having told us that we should not be wanted for three or four days after his arrival at Vienna, we determined, in consequence of the recommendations which we got at Munich from Mr. Rose, to go by way of Saltzburgh, instead of going the regular road, which is, I hear, equally dull and uninteresting with that from Ulm. I fell in with a very intelligent, friendly person, in Mr. Francis Nocker, a banker, who was recommended to me by Mr. Rose. All Bavarians seemed to love Bonaparte dearly,—he treated the Bavarians, as well as all his allied troops, with all the worst of his campaigning, to save his French army. He appears to have had a particular animosity against Wrede, after the Bavarians joined the allies; he used to call him *ce coquin de Wrede*; and I believe desired to catch him or destroy him more than almost any officer employed against him. The Bavarians are well disposed at present, I hear, to England and Austria, at least, so they tell me, having had quite enough of French alliance. The King and Queen were at a residence three miles from Munich, and I did not see them. In the Church of Notre Dame is a fine monument, erected to the memory of Louis V, Emperor of Germany, who was a Bavarian Prince, and who, in addition to

having the House of Austria as his enemy, was excommunicated by the Pope. As far as I could learn, this monument had been erected elsewhere originally, but had been about twenty-five years ago placed in its present situation.

September 10.—We left Munich on the 10th of September, and went by 1. Peiss; 2. Aibling; 3. to Rosenheim, where we slept at a very comfortable inn, the best we had been at since we left Strasburg. The distances are now given in German posts, which are equal to two French posts, or about eleven miles each. The two first stages are through a miserable country, and unfortunately the weather was as bad as it well could be. On quitting Munich, we discovered the distant hills covered with snow: it scarcely ceased raining during the two first stages,—we had had nothing to enlighten our journey but tally-hoing a fox, as he crossed the road out of one pine cover into another before us. When we arrived at Aibling, we were enveloped in clouds and rain; and although we knew we were approaching the mountains rapidly, we had no regular idea of them. Just as we were quitting Aibling, the weather became comparatively fine, and the mountains, as we drove out of the village, appeared almost as a scene in a play upon the drawing-up of the curtain,—we were most highly delighted with the view. We passed down to Rosenheim by the banks of the Manguald River, which runs into the inn just below Rosenheim. The road runs along a low bottom, which is marshy and wet, and very liable to be flooded by the mountain torrents which precipitate themselves down the vale after a severe storm: at the time when we went down to this vale, a consider-

able part of the road was under water, the effects of the late storms. The valley seems to be a kind of division between the cultivated and uncultivated land, all beyond it appeared to be a succession of mountains, one rising after the other, which the approaching evening and the gloomy atmosphere tended to give a deeper cast to. The wooden bridges of this country, the planks of which are not fastened, are not the pleasantest modes of passing a river which I know. We arrived at Rosenheim just in time to look at a neat and comfortable inn.

Sunday, September 11.—We left Rosenheim early this morning, and passed across the Inn to—1. Wessein; 2. Traunstein; 3. Reichenhall. We had the mountains continually on our right till we quitted Traunstein, and a comparatively level country upon our left. Clouds and rain during the first stage totally excluded from our view anything remarkable in point of picturesque beauty; there are two or three spots of cottage and forest scenery which would arrest your attention for a few minutes. We breakfasted at Wessein, and from thence proceeded through this fine country without being able to enjoy the least portion of its beauties. The weather cleared a little as we came to the Lake of Chiemsee, by which the road runs for three or four English miles, and we had an opportunity of seeing the two islands, upon one of which is a monastery, upon the other a nunnery. The country people do not express a high veneration for the ladies. Having passed the Alga River, which is a considerable stream running out of this lake, by a bridge of considerable length, over which, in spite of the rain, I could not help walking, we found a very intelligent fisherman, who rents part of

the fishery which belongs to the King of Bavaria, who informed us that all sorts of fish were to be found here, and pretty much of the nature of our English fish as well as we could make out. We made out that the neighbouring mountains abounded in stags, roebucks, wild boars and wolves; and that further on, towards the Tyrol, there were bears. I saw no curious animals or birds. There were some grebes upon the Chiemsee. The fisherman prophesied that the weather would clear up in the course of a short time; and just as we were quitting the last glimpse we had of this beautiful water, the clouds and rain favored us with much the best view we had had of it. The lake, the opposite mountains, partly covered with snow, some cloud-capped, others not so; all covered with fir forests, even to their summit, as well as we could see, united with the local gloom which the clouds produced, and the sunshine which had in part forced its way through them, formed a most beautiful landscape. We regretted the weather being so bad as to prevent our seeing more of this romantic country. We proceeded onwards to Traunstein, and when we arrived we found that the pole of our carriage was seriously damaged by one of the horses which brought us from Rosenheim. He was one of the leaders, and had a particular fancy for turning round and looking at the carriage; this went on several times, and in spite of a greater number of sacraments than I had ever heard, the beast still continuing unruly, which we did not fancy, we made the man take the horse off. He insisting that he was a good horse, and would go well at wheel, we permitted him to be placed there, and in consequence of his leaning against the pole, it was so much injured that we

were forced to strengthen it as well as we could, as we were going along a road where it was absolutely necessary to have a good pole. All persons who know what German driving is, with a postilion and four horses, the traces made of ropes, and being about three times as long as our own traces, or as they need be, will readily imagine the two first horses turning round and looking you in the face, not to be a pleasant sight, at least for the persons in the carriage. We quitted Traunstein and immediately began to approach the mountains, and proceeded along a beautiful valley, down which one of the streams which compose the Traun flows. We continued ascending for fifteen miles out of twenty-two, of which this stage is composed, greatly admiring the scenery on each side the vale. To our surprise, just as we came to the summit, to which it was necessary to ascend before we entered the apparently impenetrable mass of mountains before us, we found a beautiful and extensive vale for such a high situation, and two churches situated close to each other. At the village our postilion desired to stop to give his horses some bread and salt, and we proceeded on foot to enter the defile through which we were to descend to Reichenhall. Beautiful as the scene was near the Chiemsee, uniting, as it did, all the advantages, water and extent of view, it was not to be compared to the surprising country which we now passed through. The defile is in many places not a gun-shot wide. The road is cut through rocks, and along the sides of precipices which are 100 or 150 feet high, with a wild and rapid torrent swelled by storms rushing down and carrying trees and rocks along in its impetuous course, while mountain after mountain,

crag after crag, many apparently impervious to the foot of man, obtrude themselves to you in all the beauty of fantastic and ever-varying nature. Nothing more than such scenes can convince mankind of their feebleness; one spot here is more than all mankind combined could raise. The scene was really sublime and beautiful; I never saw anything to be compared to it, and I think I shall not easily forget it. It was along such a magnificent line of country that we descended to Reichenhall, at which place we slept, and after a magnificent bill of fare got a miserable dinner. N.B. Refer to W. Temple upon this head. The whole of this road was laid out and completed under the orders of the King of Bavaria; it communicates with Salzburg, and renders this part of the country, which had been before impervious, pretty good travelling.

Monday, September 12.—We were detained some hours this morning to get a new pole made, the one which we had got having become so bad that we could no longer trust to it in the country which we were about to pass. We went through a continuation of this wild and mountainous country to Berchtoldsgaden, about halfway between Reichenhall and this place. As they say that accidents never come singly, away flew the iron, to which is affixed the leather which comes from the right hand spring before and supports that part of the carriage; down we went upon our crane neck which was here very useful, and we turned out and borrowed a chain and a couple of ropes and fitted it up as well as we could to carry us to Berchtoldsgaden. We only made two stages this day—1. Berchtoldsgaden; 2. Saltzburgh. We spent some hours here. Having put ourselves under the charge of a

laquais de place, in the person of an active German boy, we were taken to the manufactory of wood, as they expressed it, which is nothing more than a collection of the greatest trumpery of toys, trinkets, &c., which I ever saw; being there we were forced to buy something; the most harmless thing I saw was a snuff box, I therefore chose one with the head of the King and Queen of Bavaria upon it. From hence we went to the salt mine, where we met a German professor and his lady, not the greatest beauty or the most cleanly person in the world, and a party who expressed their regret that we could not join their party upon the tour which they intended to make to Hallein. We mounted a kind of bench upon four wheels, and proceeded, drawn by one man, and pushed forward by another, along a passage of considerable length, to the chamber which they work at present; it is, the workmen say, forty-two fathom deep, and yields 70,000 centners of salt yearly (all these accounts of the salt being given through the medium of an interpreter I cannot vouch for their being correct). The mines belong to the King of Bavaria; he receives four florins ten kreutzers for each centner, which costs him, if I recollect correctly, one florin thirty-six kreutzers. One hundred men are constantly employed in these mines. I do not think this mine so handsome, although we had it lighted up, as the salt mine at Nantwich which I saw some years ago. They blasted part of the rock while we were there, which had a fine momentary effect. From the mine we passed to the saline, as they called it, which is the place for refining the salt, which is well worthy of examination. One fire boils the salt water, which comes in pipes from the mine, warm

the water before it is put into the boiler, and afterwards dries the salt. The diameter of the boiler is sixty feet; it is eleven inches deep. When full, it contains about 1,000 buckets of salt water; out of this boiler, every two hours, they take fifty buckets of salt, each of which is a centner, or 100lb. weight, German weight. The salt rock is melted at the mine and brought here by means of an iron pipe. Forty-three men are employed at this place constantly, and 100,000 centners of salt made in the year. The average of refuse in a centner weight of salt is from four to five pounds. The salt here is preferable to the salt of Hallein; the works there are older than these, which only began to be worked in 1517. Thirty-four mines out of seventy-eight are now only worked here. Four dafters of wood, each of which contain six cubic feet, make 100 buckets of salt. We met a very civil person, who was director of the work, who gave us all the information which we could get through the medium of an interpreter. We determined to give up seeing the lakes, the Wasman Mountain, and Hallein, in consequence of the badness of the weather, and we set off for Saltzburgh, where we arrived between eight and nine o'clock.

Tuesday, September 13.—We lodged at the Ship Inn, a very good one. We first went into the cathedral, which is a large building; its interior is very handsome, the exterior is not so. The Franciscan church is also handsome. We were told that St. Margaret is the oldest church here, and was built in the year 1200. We ascended the hill upon which the castle stands, from which you have a remarkably fine view. Luckily for us, the weather cleared up to-day, and we had the advantage of viewing in per-

fection the town and environs. The vale which lies round Saltzburgh has the appearance of great fertility, particularly upon the opposite side of the Saltz from the castle; the river itself forms a very fine object in the scene; on one side you look over a level country into Bavaria, on another side towards Austria; but the ground rising, you do not obtain an extensive view on that side, and on the other side you look upon hills rising one after another, in all the variety of shapes which the Tyrolean mountains can assume, many of which were covered with snow for a considerable distance from their summits. Bonaparte ordered the castle to be destroyed, which was in part only obeyed, and a trifling expense will put it all in order again. The castle walls were rebuilt in 1635; it must be a very strong place, with a sufficient garrison, for, although commanded by the Cupacinsberg, it is at such a distance that I should think it might resist although an enemy was in possession of that height. You see from the castle a church dedicated to the Virgin, at which great festivals are held, and to which Catholics in great numbers come even in these days. There was a great festival here about six weeks ago; the church was built by Count Rienbourg. In 1800, there was a considerable affair in this neighbourhood, between the Austrians under the Archduke John, and the French under Moreau and Lecombe, after the French had been beaten at Hohenlinden. The last Archbishop of Saltzburg was Hieronymus Colledero; he left Saltzburg on the 9th of December, 1800, and on the 5th of February the French entered the place. The Archduke Ferdinand was then made Elector of Saltzburg. In 1805, it was under the immediate govern-

ment of Austria ; and in 1810 it was transferred to Bavaria. The people express great hopes that they shall be again transferred to the Emperor as well as the Tyrol. It is surprising to find how great the attachment is of all classes of people to the Austrian Government if they have once been subject to it. The same feeling has been strongly displayed lately in the Netherlands. The late elector, H. Colledero, died in 1810, and was buried in the cathedral of St. Stephen's in this capital. There is a very curious underground passage under the hill upon which the castle stands ; it is 510 German feet in length, thirty feet high, and about the same in breadth. It was the work of Sigismund Archbishop of Saltzburgh, and was finished in 1767. I was much struck with the strata of which this hill is composed, which is a kind of condensed gravel ; it appears firm, but, as I should think, always liable to crumble away, as indeed appears to be the case. Upon inquiry, I found that one side of this hill, which is perfectly perpendicular, against which many houses are built, so that the hill becomes a *parting* wall, is regularly searched every year to ascertain whether there is any part likely to fall which may be prejudicial to the inhabitants. The old archiepiscopal stables are worth looking at ; they contain stabling for 200 horses ; the mangers are all of marble. There is a neat church, dedicated to St. Andrew, and built in 1707, by John Ernest, Archbishop of Saltzburgh, which was so much injured by the French that we were told a person newly arrived at Saltzburgh after they quitted it, would not have believed it to have been a church. It has since been completely repaired. About eighty or ninety years ago, there was a considerable

number of Lutherans in this electorate ; they lived principally amongst the mountains, against whom all sorts of persecution was practised. Many were starved out of their retreats, and, when they were caught, whatever property they possessed was sold, and they were turned out of the country ; a great many emigrated to America. A person visiting Saltzburg should at all events ascend the Capucin Hill. The view from thence is magnificent ; and if you have a wish to see a dirty and disagreeably looking and smelling set of people, you might walk through the convent of that order from which the hill takes its name. The hill upon which the castle stands is Moenichs Berg, which is about 400 feet above the level of the plain ; the river Saltz passes between this hill and Capucin Berg, which is 500 feet above the level of the plain ; and there is a third which I would certainly have ascended if I had had time, which was just covered at its summit with snow, which is 2,500 feet above the plain ; this last is called Gei's Berg, or Goat's Hill. In the church of St. Sebastian is a monument erected to the celebrated physician and chemist Philippus Theophrastus Paracelsus, who died in the year 1541, September 23 ; and in one side of one of the cloisters there is a recess full of a number of skulls, which have been collected from the burying-ground and placed there. The Archiepiscopal Palace, where the Prince Royal of Bavaria lives, is much out of repair ; Mr. Rose was so good as to give me a note to introduce me to his Maréchal de la Cour, but I had no time to avail myself of it.

September 14.—We left Saltzburg early in the morning, and proceeded by way of—1. Neumarkt ; 2. Franken-

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markt; 3. Vohlabruck; 4. Lambach. We breakfasted at Neumarkt. After we quitted the district of Salzburg, the road became less interesting. The distant Tyrolean mountains, however, covered with snow, had a grand appearance. Just before we got to Lambach we entered the Austrian dominions: there we dined and slept; but unless a person wishes to be in the dirtiest inn that ever disgraced a civilized country, I would not advise them to stop here. The waiter's hands were so filthy, that I begged he would wash them before he waited upon us; and as for the maid who made our beds, when she entered the room, I almost fancied that an English hogwash tub had entered with her;—any set of people more filthy or more *stinking* I never was in the society of, and God send I may never be again. In the morning, when preparing our breakfast, the waiter began to handle some of the rolls, and William Temple desired him, in very eager language, to leave them alone.

September 15.—We left Lambach early, and went by 1. Wels; 2. Kleinmanchen; 3. Ens; 4. Strenberg. We were abominably delayed at Kleinmanchen for horses, and walked on, having passed over a wooden bridge which crosses the River Krems, and which I think is full a quarter of a mile in length. Having walked half-way to Ens, we were surprised at finding, as the carriage approached, that an Austrian, with a famous cocked hat, was sitting upon our dickey, and we found when we came up, that we had omitted to show our passports, and this gentleman had had this ride and was to walk back again in consequence thereof, after having taken our names down. At Strenberg, at the post-house, there is an

excellent inn, I think the best in all respects we had been in during our journey.

September 16.—We went this day by 1. Amstetten ; 2. Remelbach ; 3. to Mölk. We had a very good breakfast at an inn opposite the post-house at Amstetten. At Mölk we were delayed for want of horses,—we were forced to dine and sleep here, and did not get horses till six o'clock next morning ; we therefore went to see the Abbey, which is of itself nothing very famous, not being in very good order, but the situation is grand indeed. The Cathedral is more ornamented in the interior, and more handsome than any cathedral I had seen since quitting Paris. The view from hence of the Danube and of the surrounding country is truly magnificent. The French occupied this place in 1805. Murat was here, and so was Vandamme ; the latter has the same character here which he has everywhere else. We unluckily could not see the Library, which is, I believe, a very fine one, in consequence of the person who had the key being out.

September 17.—This morning we went by way of 1. St. Petter, where we got an excellent breakfast ; 2. to Pershling ; 3. Seghardskirchen ; 4. Burkersdorf ; 5. Wien, where we arrived between eight and nine o'clock, and went to the Hôtel den Römischen Kayser. The road is in many places interesting, and I have no doubt I should have much admired many parts of it, if I had not previously been through the fine country near Salzburg, which made me regard common scenes without any peculiar interest, having since quitting London gone over, including sea, about 1,200 miles.

September 18, Sunday, Vienna.—We arrived here late

yesterday evening, and got quarters at the Hotel den Römischen Kayser. We this morning employed ourselves in getting lodgings, which we have done very satisfactorily for 700 paper florins per month. Our landlady is a Frenchwoman, and I believe as arrant a Tartar as ever endeavoured to impose on Englishmen.* We dined with the young men attached to the Embassy, and did not catch Lord and Lady Castlereagh at home until the evening. Unfortunately, instead of finding a house ready to receive them, they found only apartments at a hotel: Lady Castlereagh has had hard work to get a house, and is forced also to furnish it before she can leave the hotel.

Monday, September 19.—We removed this day into our quarters, which are very comfortable: I had a good deal of trouble, and had to pay a confounded long bill at our hotel. I dined at Lord Castlereagh's, and in the evening all the party went to the Opera, except Lord Castlereagh, who went to a meeting of great men. I went home to send letters to England. In the morning we walked round the ramparts, and were well pleased with what we saw. Count Woronzow was so good as to write a letter to Count Rasumovsky, to introduce W. Temple and myself. I received a note from the Count to tell me he had done so, but did not receive the letter. Immediately upon the receipt of his note, I went to Berners Street (this was three or four days before I left England), to inform him of this circumstance. I was there informed

* We have since changed our opinion of her: she has become rather more accommodating.

that he was at Brighton, and that I should find him there. This induced me very unwisely to delay informing him of this circumstance until I arrived there: the Count had left Brighton before I got there, and so I am here without his letter of introduction.* I am now writing to inform him of this circumstance, to beg him to send me a letter to Count Rasumonsky, but unfortunately it must be some time before it arrives.

Tuesday, September 20.—I rode out with Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Cooke across the Prader, and by the side of one branch of the Danube towards the Island of Lobau. There is a considerable tract of ground lying here,—the Hyde Park of Vienna, but very superior in point of scenery and extent, where the inhabitants of this town pass their afternoon at this season of the year. They dine at three o'clock, and then take their evening's drive. We have as yet always dined late, and have not been witnesses of any of these scenes of gaiety. I am told that they are highly entertaining. I saw at a distance the celebrated bridge which Bonaparte threw over the Danube, and which the Archduke Charles, to the surprise of all military men, allowed him to pass without losing a man. I afterwards went to a German Opera; I got there so late that I did not hear much of the performance; the music pleased me; there was one performer whose voice has a degree of resemblance to Tramezzani's, of course no slight recommendation to me.

* How, I know not, but somehow or other Count Rasumonsky has received Count Woronzow's letter. Lord Castlereagh introduced me to him at his levee, I suppose I must call it, on Sunday evening last.

Wednesday, September 21.—We attended Lord Castlereagh, by order, at the investiture of the Emperor with the Order of the Garter. Lord Castlereagh performed the office of robing, &c., to the Emperor, who, I think, appeared pleased with the ceremony. Sir Isaac Heard and his attendants, and Sir Thomas Tyrer were Lord C.'s official companions for the purposes of investiture. In a corner of the room were the Empress and her family. I had not an opportunity of seeing them so as to be able to distinguish them and to know them again. After the ceremony was over, Lord Castlereagh and the Emperor unrobed, and we were then introduced severally to the Emperor in his private apartment. I did not know enough of the language to be able to collect the names correctly of those who were present. Metternich was there and Prince Hardenberg. Marshal Wrede came in after the ceremony was over. We saw some Hungarian hussars who were upon guard, who were remarkably fine troops. After the presentation to the Emperor was over, we waited some time, and were at length introduced to the Empress. She seems to be a lively, animated woman, and paid us some compliments as Englishmen and belonging to so respectable a nation. The Empress was attended by two as ugly women as any Court in Europe could turn out, not even excepting our own. There was nothing very magnificent in the appearance of the Court. It had rather a show of great respectability. The persons about the Emperor were advanced in life, but dignified looking men. The Court was in mourning for the Queen of Naples, who died last week, not regretted by any living person I believe. The eldest son of the Emperor is just twenty-

two years of age ; he is unluckily a little dwarf, and I fear his mind is not more capacious than his body. I rode out with Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Cooke along a different part of the Prader from that where we rode yesterday, and to my surprise, upon the banks of the Danube, within two miles of Vienna, we saw a hare. We met, riding, Prince and Princess Maurice of Lichtenstein : she is a very elegant, interesting woman. I had seen her at Paris, but with the colour which the air and exercise gave, she looked extremely well. I hear that her beauty is much diminished from what it was two years ago. She is supposed to be somewhat like Lady Westmoreland. Sir T. Tyrwhit, Sir I. Heard, and Mr. Lambe, our *Chargé d'Affaires* here, dined with Lord Castlereagh. I forgot to mention before a story which I had not heard in England, which was, that the Duke of Cambridge, some years ago, was upon the point of marrying the lady who either is now or is to be the wife of the Duke of Cumberland. The impediment was a *trifling* one : when it was announced to her that the King of Prussia wished her to marry the Duke, she simply said that she had no objection, but that as she was in the family way it could not be ; you may fancy the confusion this communication made amongst her connexions.

Thursday, September 22.—We went this morning to the Luxembourg, a *Maison de Campagne* belonging to the Emperor, and a very pretty, agreeable thing. The grounds are laid out with great taste. There is by the farm-yard a beautiful kind of summer-house, fitted up with painted glass and all sorts of antique carved work, collected together with much trouble. We next proceeded

to an old chateau in miniature; as we approached, a boat crossed over to meet us and conveyed us across the moat. I have drawn as good a sketch as I can make of it. I have only drawn the outward parapet, within which, but below, are a suite of apartments, which I will describe presently. You first ascend the warder's tower, and have a fine view of the surrounding country there; from thence you descend to the justice room, which is immediately below a room for amusement as well as of observation; there is an old gambling table here, with some passages from Scripture upon it,—a curious *mélange*! below this, is the judgment room, in the centre of which is a kind of table, which goes down to the ground on all sides, upon the top of which is a figure of Justice, holding a sword and a pair of scales; the table is about six feet diameter at the bottom, but at the top is about two feet diameter. Upon removing the figure of Justice on one side, a trap-door is discovered, just large enough to admit a man's head through it. This room is over the prison, from which place the prisoner is brought up by pullies and is tried, while the judges can only see his head. The parapet wall of the castle is mounted with matchlocks; on proceeding along it you come to the chaplain's room, and over it is his bedroom. The next apartment is the Lady's chamber; in it are the portraits of Philip II of Spain and of Elizabeth de Valois, of Leopold, Archduke of Austria, a man with an enormous head; opposite is the chamber of the chief of the castle, in it is a bed which belonged to the Emperor Charles IV. Having proceeded round the parapet, we descended, and went round the suite of rooms below. The first room is the *chambre de*

réception: the portraits of several kings of Bohemia are round this room; there is also a representation of a procession to a tournament, with a hearse to carry off the unsuccessful combatants bringing up the rear. The date upon an old handsome china stove in this room is 1580. Within this room is a small circular room, which forms a kind of pantry; here there is a silver cup, which belonged to Charles V, and a kind of dessert service of rock crystal, which is quite beautiful. The next room is the armoury, which is neatly arranged. A hat which the Emperor Charles V wore is preserved here, as well as the armour of Ferdinand I; in a small room within is the *casque de parade de Charles V.*, and a complete suit of armour of Maximilian I, upon a chair of stag's horns, made, as they told us, by the Emperor Maximilian himself. By the door of this apartment is the armour of a Bavarian rebel. In the *Chambre des Chevaliers* are two pictures, one on each side of the stove: one representing the marriage of the Emperor and Empress, the other, the public supper after their marriage,—the Emperor sits at the head of one table, the Empress at the head of the other. The *salle à diner* is very handsome; there is some curious old china in it. We then enter a small room, anteroom to the *Salon à Coucher*, arranged for a lady. The bed belonged to Rudolph II, Emperor of Germany; the clothes-press to Rudolph I. In this room is a curious old prayer book, upon the first leaf of which is the following inscription:—
“*Memoire*—Ceci est le livre de prière de preux Chevalier Josse de Gavère, Chevalier de Jerusalem, mort. 1314.”
Within this bedroom is the *Salon à Travailler pour les Dames*, round which are the statues of the family of

Rudolph of Hapsburgh: the Gothic work in which these statues are placed is 900 years old; the drapery is 400. We then passed through a small boudoir, and entered the presence chamber, where there are two pictures: one representing the coronation of the Emperor at Frankfort, the other the dinner afterwards with his second wife, Maria Theresa, daughter of the late Queen of Naples. We then entered a very elegant chapel, the window of which is said to be 700 years old; it was brought from Closter Neuburg (I do not know whether I spell this place rightly). There is a beautiful little sacristy. The prison is a famous dark-looking place, with *stowage* for several prisoners; there was one in white, chained, whose hands moved by touching a spring, and his chains shook. I thought directly of the Hermit at Hawkestone. Lady Castlereagh was quite delighted with this place, and we spent four or five hours here and in the grounds, and in rowing about the water, and did not, I believe, see above half of it at last. I must not forget to mention, that there is in another part of these grounds a court for a tournament, and some years ago there was a magnificent one given, at which the Royal Family were all present, and were concerned in more or less. We did not see the interior of the palace. While we were here the Kings of Wirtemberg and Denmark arrived, and the cannon began firing at a prodigious rate, in the opinion of an Englishman, who is accustomed to a royal salute of only twenty-one guns. By the way, I forgot to mention, when I was giving you some account of Stuttgart, of an event which lately happened there. The Crown Prince had been married two years ago to a Princess of Bavaria, but before

his marriage he took so great a dislike to her, that he decided never to live with her; and after being married for nearly two years, she was sent home again only a few days before our arrival at Stuttgart. This amongst greater Powers would, I should think, have produced a war; but no such effect is likely to result from it, I suppose between two such Powers.

Friday, September 23.—In strolling round the Prader, I saw a very fine covey of eighteen partridges, and in the evening I saw the old ballet of “Zephyr and Flore,” and Bizottini in great beauty.

Saturday 24.—I dined with Mr. Lambe, and met Captain and Mrs. Cadogan, Lady Clare, and Lady Isabella Fitzgibbon, &c.; in the evening a messenger was dispatched to England, and I wrote to Harriet. This is a medley: I have jumbled these two days together.

Sunday 25.—The Emperor Alexander entered Vienna this day, and there was a famous show of artillery all day long: he arrived, as well as the King of Prussia, about two o'clock. There was a grand cavalcade; three regiments of cuirassiers, and part of the Hungarian body guard, besides infantry, volunteers, as we should call them, &c. I dined at Lady Castlereagh's, and went afterwards to Count Rasumonky's, and was introduced to him by Lord Castlereagh; his house is a complete palace, he has already four separate suites of apartments, one for every season in the year, and another is now building; it is altogether, that is to say, that suite which I saw, truly magnificent, and unlike anything I have before seen belonging to any private man. He has a very considerable garden; and, amongst other plants I saw a

very fine loquat. I afterwards went to Prince Grantmanskorf, the Grand Chambellan de sa Majesté l'Empereur, &c., and was introduced to him. I afterwards went to the opera to see the reception of all these great men. The Emperor Alexander and Empress of Austria came in together, and there was a considerable applause for him and the King of Prussia. The Emperor rather wished the Emperor of Austria to come forward, at least so his motions indicated, but he declined doing so, and let him have all the applause to himself. When the ballet was about to commence, the Emperor however took his seat in front with the King of Prussia, and then there was a burst of applause twice or three times repeated, which marked the difference of feeling towards their own Emperor and the Russian Emperor. The Grand Duchess of Oldenburg was also there: "Alas! I must die a young widow. Oh, dear! how shocking's the thought," &c. The house itself is a very poor business after our Opera House; all these houses want more means of moving about which enable all persons either to hear or see either the music or your acquaintance. Here, to secure seeing the opera, if one does not go to Lady Castlereagh's box, one must take a place to be enabled to do so, and never budge therefrom all the evening.

Monday, September 26.—We walked through the cathedral, which was purifying, I suppose, for some great ceremony; not before it was wanted. It is handsome; there is a fine monument in it erected to the memory of the Emperor Frederick II. We afterwards ascended the tower of the cathedral, and had from thence a very fine view of Vienna, the Faubourgs, and the surrounding country.

Tuesday, September 27.—The Empress of Russia came to Vienna this day; the two Emperors and the Empress went out to meet her, and they all four returned in an open carriage; the Emperor of Russia sitting opposite to the Empress of Austria, and the Emperor of Austria opposite to the Empress of Russia. I had a very good view of these persons as they entered this city. We afterwards walked to the Hif Gardens on the other side of the Danube, where there are preparations making for a display of fireworks. A party of us afterwards dined together at the Diana Baden, and got a very bad dinner, but excellent wine.

Wednesday, September 28.—The King and Queen of Bavaria arrived this day, and were received as usual by the thunder of artillery. The Queen of Bavaria appeared to me to be a handsome woman at the distance at which I stood. I afterwards went, for the first time, to see the house into which Lord and Lady Castlereagh are to remove in a few days. It is small, but will be, I think, comparatively comfortable to them after their present quarters.

Thursday, September 29.—We went to Schönbrunn and saw the grounds; we did not see the château, but walked through the gardens, which are very handsome, with a great many houses for plants of what I should have thought a hardy nature; but I believe the winter is so severe here that they will not stand the cold. The menagerie is not well peopled at present; the French killed some very fine animals which were here. There is a very beautiful royal vulture; I think the handsomest and the cleanest I ever saw. As we walked round we

came to two whales which were spouting up water, and which kept moving in circles upon a small sheet of water. We saw four confounded ugly women attending a boy who was habited in a jacket and trousers, and equipped with a sword and two orders, who was no other person than his Majesty the King of Rome. He is a delicate looking boy, pale, with a considerable quantity of flaxen hair. He was extremely polite in returning any salute which was made to him. He seemed much *ennuied* with his situation, that is to say, he did not seem to wish to run and caper about as any other child would have done. He was very ill upon his legs, and dragged them along as if he did not care whether he moved forward or stood still. In the evening there was a grand display of fireworks in the Prader; all the great persons were there. The fireworks were handsome, but not upon the same magnificent scale that ours were in London; nor was there anything so fine as the momentary blaze upon the Pont de Louis Quinze at Paris. There were two or three mottoes well adapted to the occasion, which were much applauded; amongst others, this sentiment (in German), "The thanks of the people to the Princes for the Alliance." The fireworks were introduced by the firing of twenty-five pieces of artillery, and concluded by a similar number. After this scene was over, we paraded the town to see the illuminations, which were miserable indeed compared to those in England.

Friday, September 30.—We had nothing very particular going forward in the early part of the day; in the evening, at half-past six, a court was held, and all the great men were there. The two Emperors, the Kings of

Prussia, Bavaria, Denmark, and Wirtemberg; besides Eugène Beauharnois and Princes Royal and otherwise without number. The two Empresses, the Queen of Bavaria, and the Grand Duchess of Oldenburgh, who is looking amazingly well, were amongst the ladies present. The court is very magnificent. The room is a very long one; I should guess towards 100 feet long, about 40 feet wide, and of the same height. It is lighted by an immense number of wax candles, suspended in triple rows of lustres, which, together with the crowd, rendered the heat excessive. The arrangements were not well made for seeing the Royal Family; they were a very short time in the room, and did not see Lady Castlereagh, who could not, in consequence, present Lady Clancarty and Lady Clare, who, with their daughters, had come there for the express purpose of being presented to the Empress.

Saturday, October 1.—Count Munster in driving to court with Hardenberg, the Prussian Minister, got upset, and has had the misfortune to break one rib and injure another. It is rather supposed that it was fractured by the hilt of his sword pressing upon it. Luckily for Count Munster, and unluckily for Lady Castlereagh, she was returning from court at the time this accident happened, and, in her usual kind way to everybody, she offered to take poor Munster home, and was not aware, until she got him in the carriage, to what she had subjected herself. He was so extremely weak, and complained so much of pain about the heart, that Lady Castlereagh almost expected to see him expire in the carriage. I saw her ladyship a few minutes after she returned from the expedition,

and found her in a most agitated state; the worry and fright and fatigue, for she was forced to support him in the corner of the carriage to prevent his falling down, had quite overcome her. A messenger left Vienna for Brussels; I did not write by him, as I fancy Sylvester, who goes by Paris to-morrow or Monday, will convey letters to England sooner than they can get by Brussels.

Sunday, October 2.—There was a redoubt as it is called here this evening, which is an assemblage of all persons at Vienna, from the Emperors and Empresses down to the lowest who can muster enough to buy tickets and put on a good coat and waistcoat. Nobody is allowed to wear full dress or uniforms; not a star is allowed to be seen. I saw to perfection the Empress of Russia and the Queen of Bavaria, and the Duchess of Saxe-Weimar, as I was told, but of this I have my doubts; but be she who she may she is a very pleasant looking woman. The Empress of Russia is a very fine looking woman; she has not a handsome face, but has the appearance and manner becoming an Empress. She has a little flesh upon *her bones*, but which appears more than it really is from her walking immediately after the Empress of Austria, who is a very delicate woman. The Empress of Russia seems very much liked, and is supposed to be an excellent woman; but, as we have already heard, has but little weight, and is held in little estimation by the Emperor. She is not supposed by our people here to be a person of those abilities which I have in England heard ascribed to her, but rather to be good and sensible than particularly clever. The Queen of Bavaria is nothing in point of

beauty, though she has the appearance of having been a pretty woman some years ago. The King is a heavy looking man, and, I fancy, has no great abilities ; he is, I believe, quiet and unassuming. The King of Denmark is a poor looking creature ; he looked as if he could not help himself, as we used to say at Eton. Of the King of Wirtemberg I need give you no description ; he is as fat as a porpoise, and puts me in mind of some lines in Hudibras which might be applied to him :—

“ A Saxon Duke once grew so fat,
That mice (as histories relate)
Eat grots and labyrinths to dwell in
His *postic* parts without his feeling.”

I hope these lines are *proper*, for they certainly are a proper *description* of the King. I should very much fancy that his Majesty might be well cut into on all sides ; he is a famous size. Did you, by chance, hear this anecdote of one of the Princes of Lichtenstein ? He is an extremely ugly man, and looks much older than he is ; he, as well as the rest of the world, went to England, and when he arrived there, some of our people cried out, “ This must be old Blucher,” and they laid hold of him to carry him ashore, but finding *en chemin* that they were in error, they popped him down into the sea and let him walk ashore. Whether this is true or false I know not ; I never heard it in England. Lady Castlereagh got this evening into her house. I should tell you further about this redoubt. I suppose it means *ridotto* ; and that I heard that it was lighted by 60,000 wax candles. It is certainly the most surprising assemblage of people, and altogether the most magnificent thing I ever saw. There are two immense

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rooms, and one large room, but rather less than the least of the others, prepared for the reception of the people who came to this gala. During the three next days nothing very particular occurred.

October 6.—In the evening, Prince Esterhazy called upon Lord Castlereagh, who was not at home, to ask his lordship and myself to a *chasse*, (he subsequently invited Lord Apsley and Mr. Planta,) which was to take place the following day. We, of course, accepted the invitation, and I did not go to see the fireworks in the Aug'Garten, as I had an incipient cold and preferred shooting. I had almost forgot to mention, on Wednesday I attended, after dinner about seven o'clock, at a levee of Prince Metternich's where Lord Castlereagh introduced me to him.

Friday, October 7.—In the morning we started for a château of Prince Esterhazy's, of which I forget the name, at a quarter past seven; we met the Prince at a quarter past ten, accompanied by the Prince de Rohan, and after breakfast we drove into Hungary, and arrived on our *chasse* ground after another drive of about one hour and twenty minutes. This château has not been above one hundred years in the possession of the Esterhazy family, who purchased it. There are great remains of antiquity; there are two old square towers which are very curious; upon the side on which the living rooms are built it is wholly modernised. For a few minutes we ascended into a room where there is a variety of old armour; I wished much to have got to the top of the towers, but the Prince hurried back again to breakfast. About half a mile from the château we entered Hungary; the country was open, and, generally speaking uninteresting.

This was only a private *chasse*, as will be seen from the numbers who attended at it. The game killed was forty-two partridges, twelve pheasants, and thirteen hares. It was very pretty amusement for the time it lasted. While we were shooting, two very large flights of wild geese, from a large lake in the neighbourhood, flew over our heads. I understand that the Prince Esterhazy's property within the Austrian dominions, is more considerable than the whole kingdom of Wirtemberg. The father of our friend is now Ambassador at Rome; he is in debt to the amount, as they say, of £5,000,000 sterling. His property is in the hands of his creditors, who, nevertheless allow him £40,000 a-year. We returned to Vienna to dinner.

Saturday, October 8.—About half-past nine o'clock, a messenger arrived from England, and brought us the intelligence of the capture of Washington, which caused us no small delight. He did not bring, nor did the one before, any letters for me. Lady Castlereagh had great satisfaction in telling this piece of news to Eugène Beauharnois, who called upon her early this morning.

Sunday, October 9.—There was a redoubt this evening. I did not go, having a cold; I sat at home with Lady Castlereagh, and we had a two hours visit from the Cardinal Gonsalvi and the Pope's nuncio here. The Cardinal is a pleasant entertaining man.

Monday, October 10.—We went to see Dornbach, a château which belonged to the late Field-Marshal Lacy; the house itself is small, and furnished, or perhaps I should speak more correctly if I was to say unfurnished, *à l'Allemande*. The grounds, which are of considerable extent, are beautiful. There were some little things

which are not worth naming, which, being removed, would be a great advantage to the place. There is a small kind of rustic village (a beautiful plaything), which was built by the Marshal at the highest part of these grounds, from whence you have a very fine view of Vienna, the Danube, the hill upon which the castle of Presburg stands, and a plain of great extent (for nearly fifty miles, I believe, in front of you), wherein also are the villages of Asperne and Essling. In the house are a great many very moderate old prints of different parts of London, and several prints of different parts of England, gentlemen's houses, &c., which occupy a couple of the rooms. I was not a little pleased at being able to "tally-ho" a few deer which I saw amongst the woods here, the first fallow deer which I had seen, except four miserable wretches at Carlsruhe, since I left England.

Tuesday, October 11.—We went this morning with Lady Castlereagh to Lichtenstein, a property belonging to Prince John of Lichtenstein, who is, I believe, the richest subject of the Emperor after Prince Esterhazy. The house is a modern building, which we did not go into, but immediately in front of it are the remains of an old château which stands upon a stratum of rock; it contains in a state of preservation two or three small rooms, a small chapel, a sacristy, and a judgment chamber. In one of the rooms are several pictures of the Princes of Lichtenstein, one as old as the year 1395; another room contains the pictures of some of the ladies of the family, one of the date of 1549; it is a very interesting spot: there is also a small room containing armour. From thence we passed to a romantic valley, on one side of which is a scene of

bare rocks, and on the other a fir forest of considerable variety of shape and form, from the rising and falling of the ground it stands on ; and further on a considerable extent of woodland covered with deciduous trees. We then ascended to a monument which had been erected by the Prince de Lichtenstein to the memory of those officers who fell in the battle of Asperne, from whence I had a most beautiful view. This evening, Eugène Beauharnois, the Prince Royal of Bavaria, and the Prince of Mecklenburg Strelitz, supped at Lady Castlereagh's. Eugène Beauharnois is a very pleasant agreeable man ; he has a very pleasing manner ; he has a great deal of French vivacity, but without any of those airs and pretensions which Frenchmen usually give themselves.

Wednesday 12.—I dined with Lord Stewart, and intended going to Prince Metternich's in the evening ; but upon our arriving at his house we found he had no levee that evening. We had nothing very particularly interesting during the three last days of this week.

Sunday 16.—In the evening there was the oratorio of "Samson Agonistes ;" the music and chorusses were beautiful ; the principal singers were very moderate indeed. Amongst the female chorus of the Israelites I am told there were a great number of amateurs ; be that as it may, the whole was extremely well performed. All the great people were present.

Monday 17.—Everybody was occupied in talking over the preparations for the *fête* which was to be given the following day in honor of the Battle of Leipsic.

Tuesday 18.—I accompanied Lady Castlereagh to the Lust Haus, opposite to which her ladyship had a place

allotted to her. The troops marched past us, in number, I believe, above 15,000, consisting of two regiments of Hulans, three of Cuirassiers, about ten battalions of Grenadiers, and two regiments of Hungarians, besides a considerable corps of Artillery, and then proceeded to dinner at tables which had been laid out for them. The sight from the Lust Haus was extremely handsome; we entered it while the royal party were at dinner. The emperors, &c., dined at one table in one room; in another room was a very numerous assemblage of generals, and in a circle round a great many officers of all ranks and nations. In the morning, one of the Hungarian regiments had been given to the Emperor of Russia, and at the review, his Imperial Majesty, with a tolerable degree of stage effect, of which he is certainly complete master, just as the regiment was passing by, moved to it, placed himself at its head, and saluted the Emperor of Austria as he passed. This caused the Emperor of Austria to shake him by the hand, and a very fine scene ensued. The Grand Duke Constantine passed by at the head of his regiment of Cuirassiers, and dined with his officers afterwards; he did not join the royal party. The Lust Haus is in the middle of several *allées* which are cut out of that part of the Prader lying round it, and a most beautiful sight it was to see these *allées* filled with troops at dinner when we ascended to the upper room of the Lust Haus.

I do not know whether the drawing above may not give you some idea of it. The scene was truly beautiful. In the evening Prince Metternich gave a grand ball to all the grandees here; it was extremely handsome, but as far

as dancing was concerned, it was anything but what we should call a ball; there was nothing but waltzing and polonaising. I performed at the latter ceremony with Lady Octavia Law and Lady M. Stewart and Lady Isabella Fitzgibbon. I do not wonder at their not dancing English country dances, for the heat of the rooms from lights and stoves is such that even polonaising gave one an inclination to the living *jingo*. It is very curious that there should be so little preparation for gentlemen to get supper; they commonly do not sit down, but get their supper in any way they can.

Wednesday, October 19.—There was nothing particular stirring to-day.

Thursday, October 20.—We started for Baden, by way of Schönau, where Eugène Beauharnois gave us a breakfast at a house of a friend of his; of course we lost a great deal of time, but got a very good breakfast; it is rather a pretty place, it is called Schönau. There are all sorts of waterfalls, some of which you walk under, others you walk over; there was one which was a novelty to me, where the water flowed over a place behind which were placed some flowers which had the appearance of the reflection of a looking-glass. We went afterwards into a grotto, in front of which we had a waterfall before us, and behind, a dark passage, which, after several twists and turnings, led us into a circular room, where on a sudden our conductors extinguished the lights and left us in total darkness, and shortly afterwards two folding doors were thrown open and we were ushered into a temple of light; a very pretty thing: it was lighted up with a good many lamps in a pale vase, and with a sky, a moon and

stars, and a chariot with light, drawn by dark coloured horses on one side, which had a very pretty effect. This place ought to be handsome, for it cost the owner 1,200,000 francs, or about £50,000 of our money. I should just as soon have thought of flying as laying out my money upon such a strange out of the way concern. After losing much time we went on to Baden, which is a neat clean village of a considerable length, situated at the foot of mountains which are the boundary here of the immense plain which on every side surrounds Vienna. The valley down which the stream flows, which passes through Baden, is extremely beautiful; the stream is, I suppose, a perfect torrent in the winter time, but was very low, owing to the length of dry weather. There are some pleasing walks cut along the sides of these mountains, which we all regretted we had not more time to avail ourselves of. Baden is the Cheltenham of Austria; I am told that the society here is pleasanter than in any part of the Austrian dominions, during the summer. Here many of the great people assemble, and leaving behind them their Vienna formality, make a remarkably agreeable society. Monsieur le Baron de Gagern gave us all a dinner at Baden; he had intended that it should have been a breakfast, but it turned out to be near seven o'clock before we got to dinner. Eugène Beauharnois made himself extremely agreeable; he is a perfect Frenchman, had famous spirits, chocolate drops in abundance, and otto of roses at the end of his cane; he has a famous Hussar pair of mustachios. All the servants got drunk; one fell off the box under the horses' heels, and only got bruised a little, not half so

much as he deserved ; another saved himself by lying along the foot-board before the coach-box, till I and William Temple, came up and pulled him down. We had a pretty set amongst us !

Friday, October 21.—We had nothing very particular going on this day. It is rather amusing, however, that I had Eugène Beauharnois's paper of claims put into my hands to *précis* ; what a change for him.

Saturday, October 22.—I dined with Lord and Lady Clancarty.

Sunday, October 23.—The Duke and Duchess of Argyle arrived here this morning. There was a masquerade this evening, but I was idle and did not go to it.

Monday, October 24.—I dined with Lord Stewart and met the Duke and Duchess of Argyle, Lady Clare, Lady Isabella Fitzgibbon, &c. I sat by the Duchess, who seems a mild pleasing woman ; she is still extremely handsome. In the evening afterwards I went to a dance at the Baron de Gagern's, where they were dancing country dances à l'*Anglaise*, as like them to be sure as Germany is to England ; but, however, I thought myself safe at that sport, or else that my London education had been wholly thrown away, upon which I asked Lady Isabella Fitzgibbon to honor me with dancing a country dance with me. As the devil himself would have it, they introduced a waltz in the middle of the figure, and there I was in a glorious scrape. Luckily Planta, Lord Castlereagh's secretary, knows no more of dancing waltzes than I do, and so I was not single in my blunders. First we attempted to *pousset* it, that did not suit ; we made one attempt at a waltz, and then we went to the bottom of

the dance, which I thought a remarkably wise measure. I have made some good resolutions about dancing. I do not know how long I shall keep them, but no more waltzing for me, unless I get some fair instructress first, who is a perfect mistress of the art of waltzing, to give me a few lessons.

Tuesday, Oct. 25.—Nothing particular happened this day. A messenger went off at night, and I wrote to Charlotte.

Wednesday, October`26.—A messenger arrived this morning, with letters from England to the 14th. I got a letter from my mother, with commissions, and another from Charlotte, with Miss Wingfield's grievances, and a long letter from Harriet. You are all, in consequence, in high favor at present. We are not a little pleased with the worrying which those Americans continue to meet with from our people. It is very odd that we have not been able as yet to catch hold of any of their largest class of frigates; the *Essex*, the *Chesapeake*, and the *John Adams*, are all of the smaller class of frigates. I dined with Captain and Mrs. Cadogan, and after dinner we went to Madam de Stachberg's, the Russian Ambassador's *cara sposa*, to a ball in honor of the Empress of Russia's birthday. It was very handsome, and there was abundance of polonaising and waltzing. I took a polonaise, but no waltzing. The Empress of Russia and the Grand Duchess of Oldenberg were both there.

Thursday, October 27.—General Pozzo di Borgo dined with Lord Castlereagh to-day; he is a very pleasant clever fellow. After dinner we went to Des Hayes' benefit; he danced almost as well as ever, and Bigottini was quite perfection.

Friday, October 28.—*Prince Talleyrand*, *Madame de Perigord*, his niece, and the *Duc Dalberg*, dined with *Lord Castlereagh*. He is, of course, extremely clever and entertaining when he opens; the *Countess* is a pretty lively woman, very much made up, as *Charlotte* would say.

Saturday, October 29.—*Lady Castlereagh* and I walked to two booksellers' shops; I bought one of the books which my mother desired me to get for her, viz., "*Berluch's Bilderbuch der Natur*;" it is in twenty volumes, ten folio and ten octavo volumes. I only gave 100 florins, about £5, for it; some that my mother gave me a commission for are extremely rare, and cost so much money, that I shall certainly not buy them without I get a fresh commission for them, even if I should chance to meet with them. One of them, the "*Jacquin Flora Austriaca*," lately, at a sale here, fetched 1,800 florins, about £90; his "*Hortus Vindobonensis*," is about a hundred guinea book, but I shall, in the course of a few days, be enabled to speak more precisely upon this subject than I am enabled to do at present. I dined with *Lord Cathcart*, and met his family, who are all with him, and *Sir Thomas Wylie*, who is at the head of the medical staff of the *Emperor of Russia*; he is the person who amputated *poor Moreau's* legs after he was wounded in front of *Dresden*. He is a *Scotchman*; a clever entertaining man, and, although he has been twenty years in *Russia*, has a complete *Scottish* pronunciation. I begged him to be civil to my brother, if by any chance he fell in with him at *St. Petersburg*. He is in high favor with the *Emperor of Russia*. At a *chasse* the other day, which was given to

the Emperor of Russia, he accompanied him, and they shot together. I did all I could to ascertain how many wild boars the Emperor shot, and how many of the ten which were killed nominally by the Emperor were killed by him. I had heard that His Imperial Majesty (who is the greatest tailor possible out a shooting) only killed one of them; and so I told Wylie, but he was too good a politician to tell me how the case stood, he only took credit for helping the Emperor a little, as he is an excellent shot, and the Emperor a devilish bad one, I can easily guess how it was. I thought of my uncle's story of the Duke of Northumberland's gamekeeper, but I thought it wise not to broach it at that moment. The Emperor is expected back to-morrow morning from Buda; report has prolonged his stay here until the 20th of November. I did not know Lady Cathcart in the least until this night; she seems a pleasant woman, and talked a good deal of my mother, whom she says she recollects in her youthful days, when she was Lady Harriet Herbert. Who was Lady Cathcart? Pray send me her birth, parentage, and education; I know nothing at all about her.

Sunday, October 30 —Prince Esterhazy and the Prince de Rohan, Mr. and Mrs. Long Wellesley, Lord Percy, and Major Jackson, dined with Lord Castlereagh. I went to the Opera of the Vestabin, and to the redoubt afterwards, and was much amused at seeing the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia much annoyed by some ladies in masks.

Monday, October 31.—General Nugent dined at Lord Castlereagh's; he appears a pleasant intelligent man. In the evening we went to a ball at Count Rasumonsky's.

I should tell you a pretty report respecting him, but this is not for Russian ears. He is said to be the son of the Empress Elizabeth of Russia, and that his papa was a man who, from being a simple Cossack, raised himself to be their Hetman, and in this situation took the Empress' fancy. The ball was much the pleasantest party I have been at since I have been at Vienna. The Emperor of Russia and the Empress, the King of Prussia and a host of Princes were there. We had nothing but polonaising and waltzing. I polonaise famously; it is a fine idle way of dancing. Nothing could be more handsome than the supper. Lady Castlereagh was at the Empress of Russia's table; this table was in a circular room of, I suppose, near forty feet in diameter, and of a considerable height; of a similar shape to the dining room at Downton Castle. The Emperor and King of Prussia did not sit down to supper, but stood behind the chair of the Countess Julie Zichy during the greater part of supper time, laughing and talking with her. The Emperor cut a lemon for her. They were both eating their supper behind her, standing just as we do at ball suppers when there is no room to be had. She is a very surprising woman: she has had six children, and now retains all the beauty of youth and the appearance of being only eighteen or nineteen years of age. I also am told that she is as good as she is beautiful. As far as appearances go, she does not seem to be at all excited by the great attentions which these sovereigns have shewn to her. I here met a Sicilian friend of my brother's quite accidentally; he asked me a question about waltzing, and we entered into conversation, beginning with England, and travelling through

France, Germany, and Italy, got at length to Sicily, which he told me he left last April, with Lord W. Bentinck, and talking a good deal of the English there, I asked him if he knew Mr. Clive; he then enquired my name, and we became great friends upon his informing me that he knew Bob, Lord Herbert, and George Bridgeman, and that Bob had two or three times dined with him. I do not know his name (I have since found out it is Prince Lardana), but I shall endeavour to find him out and renew my acquaintance with him. I saw one of the most complete tumbles which a couple got in waltzing which I ever saw here. We were much annoyed at Count Rasumonsky having never before taken any notice of us; we are now beginning to soften, having been much gratified by this ball.

Tuesday, November 1.—Lady Sidney Smith had an English assembly, or rather an assembly *à l'Anglaise*, this evening; there was a great crowd: we stood up and talked and made a noise, and amused ourselves as much as any people could do, and surprised all the German formalities assembled there.

Wednesday, November 2.—I dined with Prince Esterhazy; Baron Jacobi, the Duke of Argyle, Percy, &c., dined there. I believe our *chasse*, which has been delayed by one thing or other so long, will take place next week. We had a very splendid supper at Lady Castlereagh's afterwards, one of the best we have had since we have been here. Madame de Perigord, Princesse Paul Esterhazy, Contesse Julie Zichy, and Princesse Leopoldine Staremborg were there, as well as Madame de Bernstorff. I do not think you could pick a handsomer quintet in

Vienna. Mrs. Cadogan was there, looking quite beautiful.

Thursday, November 3.—Mr. Law and Lady Octavia dined with us this day. Lady Octavia entertained us all much by her lecture upon her notion of politics, in which she said she was always guided by *feeling* and not by *policy*, which Lord Castlereagh observed *must* be right, and upon this principle she urged Lord C. to find a very good kingdom for Beauharnois, whom her ladyship says deserves one. Afterwards her ladyship came into our room of business and blew out all the candles, such a row I never saw in my life; I was quite in despair. Lloyd Jones could not have been more alarmed for the existence of his papers when Punch marched into his room, than I was for what I had been writing during this confusion.

Friday, November 4.—Lady Castlereagh had her supper as usual, but before supper Lord Castlereagh began waltzing with Lady Octavia, Lady Matilda being *fiddler*, and afterwards Lady Castlereagh herself playing upon the piano-forte; this waltzing led to an English country dance, and so to a second, and after supper they began again and danced till between one and two o'clock. I, who had been working hard all day, shirked off in good time. I went before supper to the Dansomanie, and was much gratified by it; Des Hayes appeared quite himself again. The King of Prussia was in the house, not in the royal box, but *incog*.

Saturday, November 5.—I dined with Lord Clancarty, and met Count Palmela, the Portuguese Minister, and General Nugent, who had the command of the Austrian troops upon the coast of the Adriatic, who took possession

of Trieste, &c. He is a pleasant good humoured man; I had a great deal of conversation with him.

Sunday, November 6.—We had divine service this day at Lord Stewart's, at which most of the English at Vienna attended.

Monday November 7.—I dined with Sir Thomas Acland, and after dinner went to a ball which Lord Stewart gave the Emperor and Empress of Russia, the King of Prussia, and the Grand Duchess of Oldenberg.

Tuesday, November 8.—Prince Metternich's masqued ball took place this evening at the same temporary building where his former ball was. There was an infinite variety of costume, which formed the most magnificent thing of the sort which I had ever seen. All the sovereigns, &c., were here. Lady Castlereagh was dressed most magnificently as a Russian peasant; the Emperor of Russia took notice of it to her, and shook hands most cordially with her for it. As we were going to the ball we completely upset a light German carriage. Lady Castlereagh said suddenly, "We shall be either overturned or we shall overturn somebody;" to which speech, not fancying the thing could happen, I paid no attention, when grazing quietly the wheel of the German carriage, we overturned it as quietly as possible. There were two in it, who were not in the least hurt.

Wednesday November 9.—A messenger came in from England which brought my mother's letter of the 27th of October. Nothing particular occurred to-day.

Thursday November 10.—This evening a *redoute parée* was held, which was attended by all the great folks here. I forgot to tell you before, that the temporary building of

Prince Metternich's, and the two magnificent *fêtes* which he has given, are all at the expense of the Emperor; they are not the production of individual expense as in England. A messenger left Vienna for England. I wrote to my mother and Charlotte.

November 11 and 12.—Nothing worth mentioning occurred on either of these days.

Sunday, November 13.—I dined with Count Rasumonsky; his house, or rather palace, is quite the most magnificent establishment in Vienna. Princess Esterhazy, Princess Ligniewsky (I do not answer for spelling), Countess Zichini, Sir S. Smith, her ladyship, and two of her * * * dined here.

Monday, November 14.—Lady Castlereagh had a supper and a good deal of dancing.

Tuesday, November 15.—A messenger from England arrived, but brought no letters for me. After supper Prince Eugène Beauharnois, the Marquis de Salvo, and Princess Lobominsky sang very agreeably. The Marquis de Salvo is the person to whom Mrs. Spencer Smith was much indebted for aiding her to escape from the French some years ago. He published an account of her escape, which I have seen in England.

Wednesday, November 16.—Nothing particular occurred this day.

Thursday, November 17.—Lady Castlereagh gave her usual supper, and there was a good deal of dancing. I beat a very early retreat, having had a summons to a *chasse* at Prince Esterhazy's, at Eisengstadt, in Hungary, for the two following days.

Friday, November 18.—Lord Castlereagh, Planta, and I started a few minutes before six, and went by—1. Laxembourg; 2. Wimpassing to Eisengstadt, where we found assembled Prince Leopold of Sicily, and General St. Clair, the great *cher ami* of the late Queen of Naples, of whom you must often have heard, and who was with the Prince as his *aide-de-camp*, the Grand Duke of Saxe Weimar, Prince Eugène Beauharnois, Prince John de Lichtenstein, Prince Wrede, and his *aide-de-camp*, Prince Schwartzenburg, three Count Zichis, Prince * * * and * * * who formed our party. We were received by a company of the Prince's body guard, drawn up in great form; and after having eaten what in Germany is called a breakfast, about half-past one, but which I called a hearty dinner, we proceeded to the park where the boar *chasse* was to take place. We were accompanied on horseback by three or four Chasseurs in light blue uniforms ornamented with silver lace; and when we arrived at the place where the *chasse* was to begin, we were received by about 300 people, many of whom, perhaps a dozen or fourteen, had French horns, with which they greeted us upon our arrival. The place for the *chasse*, and into which the boars and deer which we were to shoot at had been driven, was about eight acres of ground, surrounded by a high netting or a paling on three sides, and on the other by a wall; it is in the middle of a large park, which was cut at right angles by several *allées de chasse*, in different parts of which were placed boxes. We all took our stands and prepared for the attack. The French horns sounded the commencement of the attack, and the trackers marched

through the cover and set the animals in motion. I was not lucky in my station; I had two very random shots at boars, but did not touch either. I saw in one drove twenty-one go behind, at thirty and forty yards distance from me, but I did not dare fire as there was a box with somebody in it about 150 yards in my rear; had I been at liberty to shoot in that direction, I should have killed a considerable quantity of game, I am convinced. We kept up a famous fire for an hour and a half, and the result was that fourteen large boars, eighteen small ones, four red deer, thirty-seven fallow deer, and one wolf were killed. The day drawing to a close, the game was collected together. The largest boar weighed 327lbs. I never saw a more formidable weapon than the animal's tusk; you can imagine nothing more calculated to make a deep incision into any substance which the animal thought proper to attack. We returned to Eisengstadt to dinner between seven and eight o'clock. This place, from what I understand, is considered as the principal country residence of the Esterhazy family. The whole château is upon a very large scale, and much more calculated for show and appearance than for that comfort which we think so much of in England. The house is wholly unlike an English château, being in want of all kinds of furniture, which to our rooms gives so great an appearance of comfort. The back of the house has been altered; there has been lately built a magnificent portico, which is not yet completed. The ground behind the house lies well to make a beautiful park or pleasure ground, and would, in English hands, be soon applied to some such purpose. The hot-houses are very extensive, and the

plants seem to be carefully attended to, but they have been built as objects to the *back-front* of the château.

Saturday, November 19.—We had tea or coffee or what we chose in our rooms, and about half-past nine went down to a breakfast of soup, cutlets, &c., similar to our breakfast of yesterday; we then proceeded to the ground where our *chasse* was to commence, which was the same place where we shot about the beginning of October. The result of the day's work was, in killed, 240 hares, eighty-four cock pheasants, thirty-seven hen pheasants, twenty partridges, and two foxes. I have not yet got accustomed to this sort of murder. I would much rather have a single day's shooting in England with Harry Prince, Bess, &c., than fifty of these *chasses*, as far as sport is concerned; they are, however, very magnificent exhibitions, and I should be very sorry to miss seeing them. We were accompanied by, I should suppose, thirty Chasseurs in uniform, and between 400 or 500 peasants at least. The ground which we shot over was surrounded by nets, and there was a circle of peasants all round the outside of the nets to prevent the hares escaping, so that the poor animals were driven back again and again, after having escaped five or six guns discharged in succession at them, and again ran round, and were again exposed to the same kind of murderous fire. The partridges were wise and took care to keep upon their legs and look about them and would not be approached. I only killed three hares, two pheasants, and one partridge, that is to say killed them; how many I wounded I do not know. There must have been a vast many wounded animals left in the wood. Count Rasumonsky came from Vienna this morn-

ing and joined us before the *chasse* began. We returned to Vienna about eight o'clock in the evening. The roads about Eisengstadt were abominably bad; they were, as Lord Castlereagh observed, in a state of nature: the kind of luxury which a good road is, or the value of which it is to an estate, is a thing of which the Germans seem to have no idea. The Esterhazy family have a uniform of dark green, with red cape and cuffs, and which is very like our Windsor uniform by candle-light, and you do not readily distinguish the color of the cloth; it is ornamented with gold lace and a button bearing the initials of the Princess Esterhazy. The country which we passed through is a very fine one, which makes it impossible not to regret its being thrown away from the want of sufficient degree of knowledge of the inhabitants of anything like a good system of agriculture. There is no picturesque scenery during the whole road which we passed along. The Scythian dandy has been unwell for these last four or five days; it was first given out that he had hurt his leg, which he had formerly hurt in Russia, but we now understand that he has a regular attack of erysipelas, which is, I believe, a painful thing until the disorder is at its height, and will take a fortnight before he is sufficiently restored to take his usual exercise. I fancy the disorder has been brought on by the fever in which he has been living for the last two years, and has settled in his leg, where his old grievance was. He was at a ball given by the Count Palfy, on Wednesday night last, and was looking extremely ill, and on the following morning we heard that he was suffering, but did not hear of the erysipelas until yesterday (Saturday).

Sunday, November 20.—I went after dinner to Count Rasumonsky's party, which always assembles on Sunday evening after dinner, which is the usual hour of paying a visit in this country, which is a most inconvenient thing to us, who do not dine as the Germans do, at three o'clock. I was forced, in order to get to him in time, to leave the dinner-table before the second course was taken from it. There were a good many persons assembled there; amongst others, Prince Talleyrand and Madame de Perigord, Princess Esterhazy and a Prince Furstenburg, I believe, in whose court-yard the Danube rises, and rushes out at once a stream about the size of a man's body. A messenger arrived about six o'clock this evening from England, and brought no letters for me. We were in great wrath at his Majesty's ministers not having been wise enough to send the King's speech, although the messenger left London the night upon which Parliament met, Tuesday, the 8th of November. He brought no news of consequence with him. The Marquis de Salvo and Prince Eugène Beauharnois sung after supper two or three very pretty airs; the Marquis appears to be a good musician, and sings with a good deal of taste, and so does Eugène Beauharnois, very good humouredly, and without any of that fuss and pretension which is often shown by people who sing well.

Monday, November 21.—Nothing particular occurred this day.

Tuesday, November 22.—I dined with Sir T. Acland, and went in the evening to the Carrousel rehearsal.

Wednesday, November 23.—After dinner we went to the Carrousel, and were taken, that is to say Planta, Lord

Newbattle, and myself, were taken into the Ambassadorial box, and had a very good view of the whole proceedings. After waiting in the *manège*, (I dare say Sir John Boyd recollects the riding-house, which is the spot where this scene took place; it is the same room which is used at the grand *redoubtes*, but is then floored: in this room are two galleries, one high up, and the other about the middle of the room) for some time, a crash of trumpets announced the approach of the ladies patronesses of the chevaliers, twenty-four in number. Amongst them were the Duchess de Sagane, Countess Julie Zichi, Countess Zichini, Madame de Perigord, de Bernstorff, de Stachelberg, Princess Maurice de Lichtenstein, and Princess Paul Esterhazy, who placed themselves opposite to the royal box on seats prepared for them in the lower gallery. Each lady was attended by her knight to their seat. As soon as this ceremony was over, the royal families entered the scene of action, and then the trumpets without the *manège* sounded the approach of the chevaliers, who saluted the royal party and then their patronesses, and then withdrew; they then, being twenty-four in number, came in, in succession, four at a time, capered round the *manège*, and first took a head from the end of a beam with a spear, then struck one off a pillar with a lance, then drew their swords and knocked off right and left two heads from pillars which were situated at the distance at which pillars in a riding-house are usually placed, the horse being in a gallop during the whole performance; and then the quartet assembling at the bottom of the *manège*, they at full speed dashed at heads which were placed upon the ground, and endeavoured to fix their swords into them so as to convey the heads upon the swords up in front of the royal party,

whom they then saluted; afterwards they saluted the patronesses, and then retired, and four others succeeded them, and so on in rotation. They then assembled in full number, and having saluted and divided themselves into squads of six each, which division of numbers they always afterwards adhered to; they divided into two squads of twelve each, and changed positions from each end of the *manége*, as you do in a cotillion, by squads of six each, and so back again; they then went round the house in succession; they then formed four squads of six each, and stood opposite to each other as in a cotillion; they then moved round in circles of six, each upon their own ground; they then moved by sixes round upon their own centre, three being faced to the front and three to the rear; they then formed circles each within the other, the inner circle moving a foot's pace, the next rather faster, the third cantered, and the fourth at full speed; they moved in succession round the house, and formed two lines of twelve each opposite to each other; they then danced a country dance, viz., they changed sides and back again, and led down the middle two at a time at full speed, crossing their swords by way of handing each other down; they then got again to their original places, and then went in and out all the way down, each on the side to which he belonged. I do not know how to describe this better than by a kind of plan of the two lines, and the line of march which each side pursued. By degrees, they again got into their old positions, and they then started upon a somewhat similar movement, taking the whole file instead of the single file.

* * * *

The dotted line is the course of horse *a*, the other that of horse *b*. I have not drawn the lines quite correctly, but you should recollect that they always passed each other with their right hand to their colleague, whom they saluted in passing each other. They then galloped round in a circle again; thirty-two Cuirassiers, Austrian cavalry (whom I forgot to state entered with the knights as their squires at their first *entrée* and salute) entered, and drew up in line, they then, while the knights were galloping round formed eight squads of four each, and the knights then in succession from one line galloped a figure of something like 8 between them, and again made another circle round the riding-house; the Cuirassiers forming in close order, the knights drew up in a line facing the royal party, and then, the Cuirassiers having retired, the knights returned their swords, and having each of them received a lance, they proceeded to run at the ring. A good many failed in this part of their duty. The knights then formed again in line, saluted the court, then their patronesses, and then withdrew. Amongst the knights were Prince Paul Esterhazy, our friend, two Count Zichis, Count Palfy (I believe you have seen him in England), Baron Hammerstein; the commander-in-chief was young Prince Trantmansdorf, son of the Grand Chamberlain, who goes here by the name of "Old Trantee." We had all the royalty here, except the Emperor Alexander, who was too unwell to attend. After having fought our way back again to the palace, we contrived, under the protection of Prince Maurice de Lichtenstein, to see the ladies, who were all assembled in a room adjoining the *manège*. Nothing could exceed the splendor of the jewels which

were worn upon the occasion by the patronesses; but, as was observed truly enough by a gentleman here to Lady Castlereagh, the power of being so richly habited was *tout simple*, for every lady had on the diamonds of at least four or five families, of whom she had borrowed them, and one lady had the contents of the principal jeweller's shop here into the bargain disposed upon her person. We all voted ourselves tired, and did not go to the ball, which took place afterwards.

Thursday, Nov. 24.—I dined with Lord Clancarty; nothing particular occurred either on this day or the next.

Saturday, November 26.—I dined with Mr. and Mrs. Long Wellesley, and met the Turkish Envoy, M. de Mavrogeni, the Duke de Richelieu, Rossloffsky, the Duke and Duchess of Argyle, &c. Amongst other topics which the Russians, viz., the Duke de Richelieu (who is in the Russian service) and Rossloffsky chose to discuss, was the arbitrary government of Turkey. This we thought, though it might have been bad taste in us to have done, we as Englishmen and free men might have done with some pretensions, but to hear Russians take the line they did, was what both surprised and even went to the length of annoying us; and upon the Russians appealing to the Duke of Argyle, he said, "I am quite against you. I am quite on the side of M. de Mavrogeni." This produced us coffee.

Sunday, November 27.—To my surprise, as I was at breakfast, in walked Mr. Watkin, and took a dish of tea with me, and afterwards went with me to church at Lord Stewart's. Lady Octavia makes a very good clerk, she has Charlotte's office. There was a very large

party at supper. I went home, and to bed, having had a bad cold.

Monday, November 28.—Nothing particular occurred. We understood that the Emperor of Russia is getting better fast. They have a report that he has the intention of quitting Vienna by the 15th of next month. How true that is I know not, for we are given to understand that although he stands extremely well with all his soldiers, that that is by no means the case with his people in general, and his finances are in such confusion that nobody knows how it is to end. He does not understand figures and finance, and will not let anybody else have sufficient power to act for him; from what I hear he has a most unaccountable kind of jealousy of all his ministers; he will be minister himself in all his different departments, without firmness and capacity to direct any of them, at least this is the reason which people give for his finding himself involved in greater financial difficulties than even the situation in which he has been lately placed seems to justify.

Tuesday, November 29.—Countess Dydyńska, a Polish lady, to whose quarters I am, I believe, to succeed, which are in the same house with Lady Castlereagh, when she leaves Vienna in the course of a few days, tells me that all the war impositions and requisitions are still continued, and is sighing anxiously for the time when they may cease. I dined with Lord and Lady Cathcart, and had a great batch of conversation about Eton. Afterwards I went to a ball at Lord Stewart's. A courier from England arrived and brought letters from my mother, &c., while we were at the ball.

Wednesday, November 30.—I dined with Captain and Mrs. Cadogan, and in the evening Lady Castlereagh had her usual supper.

Thursday, December 1.—This evening there was a second edition of the Carrousel; I went with Lady Castlereagh. The Emperor Alexander was there, but looking pale and unwell. The report of his being about to take his departure still continues; they go so far as to say that the time fixed for his departure is between the 15th and 20th.

December 2 and 3.—On Friday I dined with Lord and Lady Clancarty; we went on much as usual on these days.

Sunday, November 4.—I felt myself unwell with a cold and sore throat, and did not dine with Lord Castlereagh; Prince Hardenberg and a large party dined there.

Monday, December 5.—Being rather worse, I still confined myself, by the advice of Dr. Frank, an English physician, who is here with Lord Stewart, and in the evening he thought it necessary to give me some James' powders. I kept my bed two or three days, having had a severe cold and sore throat, and a good deal of fever; this, and the weather having been as bad as any weather at this time of the year can be, I have not until this day left my quarters, except to change my lodgings, since I first became unwell. A vast many people here have had the same kind of disorder, brought on in a great measure by the long continuance of damp and wet weather. We are now living in hopes of a change to frost and snow.

Wednesday, December 14.—This has been a very fine day; anything more dirty than the streets and Prader, I never saw; being afraid of getting wet I did not get out

of my carriage, but called upon Mrs. Cadogan, who is going on extremely well; happening, accidentally, at my bankers to fall in with Sir Watkin, he very good naturedly accompanied me. I had the misfortune to miss during my being unwell Count Rasumonsky's grand ball. From the accounts which I hear of it, I fancy it must have been the most magnificent thing of the description which has been given either at Vienna or elsewhere in the course of the present year. Many of our countrymen do not hesitate in considering it the most magnificent *fête* they have ever seen. I hear that full 700 persons sat down to supper in perfect ease and comfort. This will enable you to form some guess of the size of the house in which all this was done. Yesterday the Prince de Ligne died, above eighty years of age, after a short but I hear severe illness. A few days before his death, and after he was taken ill, he was amusing himself with joking as to the amusement which his burial as a Field-Marshal would produce; he said the Emperor is at a loss how to arrange new *fêtes* for the sovereigns, &c., assembled here, and the burial of a Field-Marshal will afford him an opportunity of showing them what they have not seen since they had been in Vienna.

Thursday, December 15.—I have just been to see the Prince de Ligne's funeral procession; I understand he ought to have been attended to his grave by 20,000 troops; however, as the garrison at Vienna does not consist of so many at present, only about 12,000 were under arms. The cavalcade proceeded out of the town by the Schotten Thor, led by a party of Hulans, then followed by Cuirassiers, and then artillery, then four battalions of Hungarian

Grenadiers, some more artillery, and then four more battalions of Hungarians. The infantry was headed by Prince Maurice de Lichtenstein and General Nugent. Then came a host of divines, and the servants of the deceased. His horse, &c., followed the body with his sword, arms, &c., placed upon it, carried by Grenadiers. Four more battalions of Grenadiers of the line, then artillery, and then four more battalions, some more artillery, and a regiment of Cuirassiers closed the procession. The sight was not so imposing as I expected it would be; there were so many halts from one circumstance or other, that the effect was necessarily much injured. It was, however, a grand sight, and is one of the many things which I have seen since I have been here which I should have been sorry to have missed seeing, but would not give myself any great trouble to see it again.

Friday, December 16.—Nothing particular has occurred to-day. Prince Esterhazy has given hopes of another *chasse* in about a fortnight. I met Prince Augustus of Prussia walking in the Prader with Lady Sidney Smith and the Miss Rumbolds.

Saturday, December 17.—I hear that the King of Wirtemberg has decided to start shortly for his own kingdom. The world here assert that the marriage between the Grand Duchess of Oldenburg and the Crown Prince of Wirtemberg is a settled thing. The Crown Prince is supposed to be a clever fellow, but rather fond of romancing, as Harry Prince would call it. I think Stutgard a very good situation for her intriguing disposition; I do not think she can do much harm there, and above all things she will get a good husband, which will, I hope, please her.

Sunday, December 18.—We had divine service at Lord Stewart's. Prince de Rohan dined with Lord Castle-reagh; he eats plum pudding and Christmas pie like an Englishman, and a good share of each. He told us that the Prince Esterhazy, the father of my friend, had granted pensions to no less than sixty of the fair sex in Vienna and in Hungary. The pensions usually are 6000 florins to each, about £300, and the keep of a carriage, which may be estimated at 2000 more! Pretty well this, I think.

Monday, December 19.—I went with Sir Watkin to what we understood was to be an experimental farm of the Emperor's. I was pretty well satisfied that no such thing existed within the distance from Vienna which this farm was stated to be: however, away we went; we were to meet the Arch-Duke John there, which we did, and saw some very good Swiss cattle. They were in a large stable which I should have thought much too hot for them. Their provender was cut hay, cut straw, and either turnips and cabbages, or both cut into small pieces. This mixture was allowed to lie together to get a certain degree of fermentation and was then given to the cattle. I believe it was allowed to lie in this state for twenty-four hours before it was used. We then went into an enclosure, something like a garden, and saw several sorts of grass in small beds, amongst which were cocksfoot and the meadow fescue grass. There were also a considerable number of implements of husbandry, but nothing very remarkable. The result was that the Arch-Duke desired us to dine with him. This, although we were already engaged to Lord Stewart, we viewed in the light of a

command, and dined accordingly with his Imperial Highness at three o'clock. There was only the farming party, viz., the Archduke and his *aide-de-camp*, Lieut. Pictet one of the Genevese Deputies to Congress, the Archduke's Secretary, Sir Watkin, and myself. It was a quiet pleasant dinner; the Archduke seemed to have just the sort of dinner which he would naturally have for himself, and which would enable him to have two or three persons in addition, if he happened to fall in with them in the course of the day. The Archduke is a sensible pleasant man, without ceremony or form, and put us much more at our ease than many of the *grandeess* here would have done. He is said to be the cleverest of the family; he resides during the summer in Styria, of which country he is governor, where he has a château, and a considerable farm under his own management. We concluded our dinner about half-past four, and then went home to dress to prepare for Lord Stewart's dinner at half-past five; of course we did not eat much at our second dinner.

Tuesday, December 20.—Nothing particular occurred this day.

Wednesday, December 21.—Lady Castlereagh started to see Kahlenberg, and having contended against a high wind and pretty severe rain for some time, at length gave up the attempt as hopeless, and having returned to the carriage, went on to Kloster Neuberg, which was intended to have been a most remarkably fine abbey, but, unfortunately, it has never been completed. One of the persons belonging to the abbey very politely conducted us through all the apartments, finished as well as unfinished. There is a suite of apartments arranged for the Imperial

Family, and which formerly used to be occupied by them upon the anniversary of the festival of St. Leopold, to whom the abbey is dedicated, being built originally by Leopold Margrave of Austria. The person who accompanied us through the abbey informed us that there is a kind of legend which attributes the building of the abbey upon the spot upon which it stands to the following circumstance:—The Margravine was one day standing near the window of a room which they occupied, in a château at Kahlenburg, a violent gust of wind suddenly blew her veil away out of her sight. Some time afterwards the Margrave, when hunting in the neighbouring forest, found the Margravine's veil; he took it as a sign from Heaven that the abbey should be built upon that spot, which was accordingly done. The Margrave had previously resolved to build the abbey, but had never been able to fix upon the precise spot where it should be done. The church is large and fine; not so handsome however as that of Moelk. The archducal crown of Austria is deposited in this abbey, and there is considerable form observed in taking it and returning it for and after a new coronation. The principal wealth of the abbey consists in the vineyards which it possesses to a considerable extent. The situation upon the banks of the Danube is delightful. The French occupied the abbey during the last war, and the Austrians the opposite side of the river. The Austrian Chasseurs occupied the islands in the river, and were so near as to repeatedly fire into the abbey. The Prince Royal of Bavaria dined with Lord Castlereagh; his politics are perfectly English. He is a considerable oddity; he came up to me and asked me if I was a married man, and whether I should hate to be married, or, as

he pronounces it, "haate." He asked Lord Castlereagh across the table, before all the servants, if the Prince Regent and the Emperor Alexander were not upon bad terms. We, however, like him, as he is so decidedly English in his politics.

Thursday, December 22.—This day being one of the days when the Archduke John receives persons, Sir Watkin and I went to him at nine o'clock, which is rather an early hour for a levee, according to our notions, but not according to German practices; the Emperor sees people as early as seven o'clock in the morning. After being with him some minutes we got rid of our paraphernalia, and went to the Archduke Albert's, who was formerly governor of the Low Countries; he married an aunt of the present Emperor, and is above eighty years of age; he is a remarkably fine old man. We went to see his collection, or rather part of his collection, of drawings, which is the most extensive and valuable in Europe. He has a long room wholly filled with them, comprising sketches of the most celebrated painters. Those which we looked at this day were of Albert Durer, of Nicolas Poussin, and of Claude Lorraine; of the former we saw two large folio volumes; these and a few others occupied us nearly three hours. The Archduke was during the whole time sitting at the upper end of the room, amusing himself with some part of his collection. His librarian told us that he is generally there at five o'clock in the morning at this time of the year, and at four in the summer, and passes his time there generally until his dinner time, which is three o'clock. He has spared neither trouble nor expense in collecting all these drawings; he has had agents everywhere, and nothing but the French

Revolution could have enabled any individual to make such a collection, of which to possess one or two volumes would by most persons be considered as a treasure of the greatest value. I understand that the eruption of the French into Italy enabled the Archduke to possess himself of a great many of those sketches of the Italian masters which he has got. I dined to-day with the Count de Fues, my banker, who has the reputation of being one of the richest men in Vienna. He has a very fine house, a large library, a good collection of pictures, and there is, I believe, in general, a very good assemblage of persons of rank at his table. He gave us a very handsome dinner. While I was at dinner, a messenger from England arrived and brought a letter from my mother, and a scrap from Charlotte enclosing a letter to Lady Octavia, which I have delivered in person to her ladyship.

Friday, December 23.—Lady Octavia and Mr. Law have decided to leave Vienna for Italy next week, for which I am extremely sorry; I do not like our English society breaking up. I dined at Lord Stewart's, where we had the Duke and Duchess of Argyle, Lord and Lady Rancliffe, &c.

Saturday, December 24.—Nothing very particular occurred to-day.

Sunday, December 25.—This being Christmas day we had divine service at Lord Stewart's, and afterwards a large party of English dined there. I first heard this day that there is a complete end of the flirtation between Prince Augustus of Prussia and Miss Emily Rumbold: just as everybody expected it would be; of course she is extremely miserable, and very much to be pitied.

Monday, December 26.—Nothing particular occurred this day, except that the King of Wirtemberg left Vienna. I dined with Lord Stewart.

December 27, 28, and 29.—Nothing worth mentioning happened during these three days. On Wednesday I went to the china manufactory, and saw some pretty things which were almost all sold or ordered as presents for the great men assembled here. Everything was inordinately dear; much dearer than at Sevre, and not near so pretty. I bought a cup and saucer, which is composed of a novel mixture of platina with the other ingredients. There is very little to be seen here worth carrying 1,200 miles.

Friday, December 30.—I dined with a Mr. Rally, whom I met at dinner at Lord Stewart's, and who asked me to meet him. He informed me that he knew my uncle some years ago in Italy. His history is very little known here; he gives the best dinners in Vienna; he pays for everything he has in gold; has unlimited credit at his banker's, but he does not draw money from him; he is supposed to get it from the Jews, who furnish it at a less discount than the bankers do, and is a pleasant intelligent man. He has lived here for the last five years.

Saturday, December 31.—I dined at Lord Cathcart's; after dinner they had a dance to dance out the old year; we had a very merry party. Lady Cathcart's two eldest daughters have been both ill, much in the same way that I was, but more severely. After Lord Cathcart's party, I went to Count Zichy's, who had a ball, &c., which was dull enough. Emperors and kings are very good people, I dare say, but they are not half as entertaining as their

subjects. The Emperor Alexander's leg is not yet well, although he goes out everywhere, as usual. He polonaised with Countess Julie Zichy's daughter, about six or seven years old, and after the polonaise saluted the child's hand. I suppose Charlotte will be delighted with this piece of humility, which rather amuses me than otherwise. About five o'clock this morning a fire broke out in Count Rasumonsky's magnificent palace, and has destroyed a very considerable part of it; luckily his pictures and the greater part of his books have been saved. I have not yet been able to ascertain the amount of his loss, but it must be considerable. As soon as the Emperor of Austria heard of the accident, he mounted his horse and rode to the spot and remained there amidst snow and water and mud and ice for some hours, encouraging the Grenadiers, who were there to the amount of two battalions, to assist in quenching the fire. In the midst of the business, and in the confusion of the scene, he had a bucket of water thrown over him; he did not the least mind it, and continued there as if the accident had not happened to him. It is by this kind of earnestness which he shows for the inhabitants of this place which causes him to be so universally beloved here as he is. There is no individual here, however humble, to whose petition he does not listen, and does an infinity of good in consequence. Count Rasumonsky had only a few days before been appointed one of the Emperor of Russia's Ministers to the Congress.

Sunday, January 1, 1815.—We had divine service as usual at Lord Stewart's, a few hours before which arrived a messenger from Ghent with the news of peace with the

Americans having been signed. It is a very good thing to have all our means at our disposal, and a very good thing to cause to cease an expense which was increasing to a very considerable extent in North America. Those who are supposed to wish us well here are much delighted with the news, and say that it is the best news they have had since the news of the Battle of Leipsig. There are some here who, I believe, wish we were at war still. This evening there was a great ball at court; Lady Castlereagh stayed at home, and so did I, for it was a dreadfully cold evening, and I did not wish to run the risk of catching a severe cold in coming out of a room which is usually as hot as an oven, and standing half-an-hour upon a miserably cold staircase waiting for my carriage. In the evening two Italians, sent by Prince Lardana, came to Lady Castlereagh's supper, one played upon the guitar, the other upon the violin; they are two very able musicians. They both play and sing; one of them is blind, and is apparently as great an enthusiast in his profession as you can imagine; his whole body seems to be affected by his violin answering to his touch. They are two very enterprising performers for wandering musicians. The player upon the violin makes all sorts of strange sounds, and would amuse Charlotte very much.

Monday, January 2.—Lord and Lady Clancarty and their family dined with Lord and Lady Castlereagh to-day, and having again got the two *Italians* (one of whom turns out to be a *Greek*), we sat, after dinner, until near nine o'clock, which is an uncommonly late hour at Vienna. I wrote to Harriet by a courier who left us this evening.

Tuesday, January 3.—Lady Castlereagh had this evening one of the largest assemblies she has had since we have been at Vienna; Talleyrand, Metternich, Czarrorsky, Chernichef, Count Stalkelberg and his spouse, four Counts Zichy, Countess Julie and Sophie Zichy, and a long list of *et cæteras* were there.

Wednesday, January 4.—Nothing very particular occurred this day. I forgot to mention that I yesterday despatched part of the books which I have bought for my mother, and within one of them a small packet of little Christmas *nonsenses* for Charlotte. I am sure she will acknowledge the equestrian hero. Last Monday I sent a cup which I bought at the china manufactory for my mother; I hope it will arrive in safety. By the way, I have another iron in the fire for her ladyship's Styrian minerals, but I do not know whether I ought to expect much from the individual as he is wholly unacquainted with matters of this description; at all events there can be no harm done, if there is no good comes of it.

Thursday, January 5.—I this day dined with Mr. Rally, to meet the Prince Royal of Wirtemberg, who is certainly a very clever and a pleasant person, though I hear he can sometimes be otherwise. There were also at dinner Count Dichtrichstein an Austrian Count Beroddingen, the Minister of the King of Wirtemberg; several other persons attached to the Crown Prince and the King of Wirtemberg dined there. I believe there is no doubt that the Crown Prince is to marry the Grand Duchess of Oldenburg. I hear that the Emperor has given his consent, and that they only now wait the arrival of the formal consent of the Emperor's mother before it is declared.

This is the report now going about amongst the Austrians at Vienna, and we shall see how true it turns out. I am inclined to give the report credit.

Friday, January 6.—I dined with Sir Thomas Acland. Nothing material occurred to-day.

Saturday, January 7.—Lady Cathcart had a little dance, to which I went; I met Monsieur de Logonoff, who is an old friend of Count Woronzow, and to whom the Count had written to mention William Temple and myself. He is attached to the suite of the Empress of Russia.

Sunday, January 8.—We went to church at Lord Stewart's as usual.

Monday, January 9.—Lady Castlereagh had a very large supper party. I forgot to mention that I called on Saturday on the Prince Royal of Wirtemberg, and was very graciously received by him; he is certainly a very pleasant and agreeable man if he chooses it.

Tuesday, January 10.—A messenger left us this evening for England; I wrote to my father. For these last two or three days, Mr. Montague, the second son of Mr. Montague, of Portman-square, who is attached to Lord Castlereagh's mission, has been extremely ill of a typhus fever; he is attended by the same physicians whom I had, Dr. Frank and Dr. De Carro.

Wednesday, January 11.—There was a perfectly English party at Lady Castlereagh's, and more dancing and gaiety than we have usually had, owing to our having no German grandees amongst us.

Thursday, January 12.—We went this morning to see the Belvidere, which formerly was inhabited by Prince

Eugène of Savoy, in which is the imperial collection of pictures; there are some very fine ones, but after having seen the Louvre, every collection must appear poor and meagre. There are a few good Raphaels and Carlo Dolces; of the latter, there is one exactly the same as the picture of the Virgin and Child which hangs over the little drawing-room fire-place at Walcot. This one appears to me much inferior to my father's picture. There are some very fine Schneiders, which I looked much at, in consequence of my brother having seven or eight in his collection. There are also some of Titian's, Rubens', Vandyke's, several of Albert Durer's, one very excellent Canaletti, some of both Poussins', and a very curious picture of a snow-storm, which represents the snow falling in large flakes; it is a very curious performance. We were almost frozen by the cold of the gallery, which at length drove us to the house of the artist who has the charge of the establishment, who is a very good kind of man, but a perfect coxcomb, and who civilly showed some as bad pictures as any painter could wish to avoid either painting or having in his possession.

Friday, January 13.—Nothing very particular occurred to-day. I dined with Mr. Rally, and met the Duke of Campo Carro, Murat's Minister here, and his son, who are both very pleasant agreeable people; Count Hardenberg, the Hanoverian Minister, Count Lewentreitm, the Swedish Minister, &c.

Saturday, January 14.—After I had gone up stairs to get my gloves to go to Lady Cathcart's, Dr. Frank and Dr. De Carro called to inform Lord Castlereagh of the very dangerous state in which poor Montague was; the crisis of

his fever having come on, his constitution struggled until ten o'clock on Sunday, when he was carried off quite insensible of his own state.

Sunday, January 15.—We attended divine service at Lord Stewart's. I had almost forgot to mention that on Saturday we went to see the Mint; the quantity of gold in it is but small; the thing which pleased me the most was the process of extracting the gold from the ore; the furnace and the crucibles were beautiful. I saw several of the medals which have been struck there in the course of late years; generally speaking they are not very striking performances. The manner also of procuring the silver was curious, but not unlike the manner we run our iron into pigs, except that the iron runs of itself into the channels prepared for it, and the silver is carried in a kind of ladle, and emptied from the ladle into chambers which are appointed to receive it. I was pleased with seeing a good many crosses made from the French artillery taken at Leipsig, one of which has been given to every officer and every soldier in the Austrian army who survived the last campaign against the French.

Monday, January 16.—This evening poor Montague's remains were interred; any longer delay might have been prejudicial to the people who had attended him.

Tuesday, January 17.—I went with Lord and Lady Castlereagh to see some skating; there were no skaters worth seeing except Lord Castlereagh and Lord Clancarty.

Wednesday, January 18.—While we were at dinner a messenger arrived, who brought letters for me from Harriet and my mother, by which I was happy to learn that all my relations had received accounts of my having been

completely restored to health. I have been uncommonly well ever since. Lord Stewart gave a magnificent ball in honor of Her Majesty's birthday; it was attended by the Emperor and Empress of Russia, the King of Prussia, all the Archdukes, I believe, the Grand Duchess of Oldenburg, the Duchess of Saxe Weimar, with a list of *et cæteras* which would reach from hence to London. The ball continued until six o'clock in the morning. I danced a couple of country dances, which were the first I had danced since I had been ill. We had two casualties, one of the Princess Paul Esterhazy, who swallowed a bone, and another of the Countess * * * who was oppressed so much that she nearly fainted. Lady Cathcart and Lady Octavia went into a room with her, and sent to her husband, who said with great *sang froid* that she was only unwell from tight lacing, and left them to assist her; they immediately set to work, and after some difficulty got at her bobbins and cut them, and she soon got well, as her husband prophesied.

January 19 and 20.—Nothing particular occurred on either of these days.

Saturday, January 21.—Lady Cathcart gave another dance; these have been much the pleasantest parties which we have had at Vienna; they are mostly composed of English, which is no disadvantage to them I can assure you.

Sunday, January 22.—This was the day of the great Trainean party; and about two o'clock, thirty-four sledges left the Hof and proceeded through some of the principal streets, and afterwards to Schoenbrunn. It was a very handsome assemblage, but I should have thought a very

cold one, especially when the ladies returned covered with snow at ten o'clock at night. Lady Castlereagh seemed much pleased with it. I was hard at work most part of the day, and forget to send any part of my journal by the messenger who left us this night. Apsley Newbattle, &c., of our young gentlemen, greeted Lady Castlereagh with the air of "Burdett for Ever," as she entered one of the gates.

Monday, January 23.—Nothing new to-day. The Emperor Alexander has, I hear, amused himself with quizzing the Trainean party. I forgot to mention that on the 17th I went to the service of the Greek church and was much gratified by the music, though not much impressed with the ceremonies; there is too much burning of incense and too many formalities for a person accustomed to the Protestant manner of worship.

Tuesday, January 24.—I went with Sir Thomas Acland to the Academy of Painting. There were one or two pictures worth looking at, but there was nothing very fine.

Wednesday, January 25.—This morning I went with Sir T. Acland to see Count Lambert's collection of pictures and vases, and was highly delighted with them. I have never seen any private collection which has pleased me so much as this. There were some beautiful works—of Rubens, Claude, Murillo, both Poussins, Velasquez, Vandyke, some good Vernets, Snyders, Weenix, &c., in short, instances of the excellence of all the first artists; and scarcely a picture which was not first-rate throughout the whole collection. His vases were equally fine, but I am so ignorant of their merit that I can only say that such is

the opinion of all judges here. I have certainly enjoyed this morning's visit more than any since I have been at Vienna. I afterwards paid a visit to a dirty bookseller, who talks very little French, and to whom I am afraid I shall be forced to talk in Latin, which will be hard work, but I think that I shall pick up some books which I wish to get from him; I am sure the shop is quite bad enough to suit my mother.

Thursday, January 26.—We went to the Archduke John's, and from thence went under His Imperial Highness' guidance to the Imperial Bureau for printing maps, where they are preparing maps of all the Austrian dominions. We were much gratified by what we saw, and particularly by a map of France, with the different movements of the allied armies, and their head-quarters day by day as they advanced to Paris. The Archduke directed that a copy of the map of Saltzburg should be given to each of us. I have also got from thence a map of Russia and Wallachia; although neither of these maps are perfect, they are, I believe, the best of these countries which are to be had. I intend also to subscribe to the general map of the Austrian dominions. After we had surveyed what was to be seen here, we proceeded to dine with the Archduke, who showed us, after dinner (which was at two o'clock), a most beautiful map of the Alps, extending from Genoa to Styria. Nothing I can conceive can convey a better idea of that tremendous country than this chart. He also showed us some beautiful drawings of Styria, as well as some very pretty pictures of the costume of the *paysans* of that country, as also his sporting dress as a Chamois Chasseur. We had a very pleasant

day of it. There was a concert last night at court, which I did not go to.

Friday, January 27.—Nothing very particular occurred this day.

Saturday, January 28.—I saw some very pretty drawings of some of the Italian lakes; I bought half a dozen of them. I intended to have gone to Schoenbrunn to have seen it again, with Sir T. Acland and a party which he had made, but it was so bad a day that I was prudent and did not go, thinking the difference between the temperature of the air and hot-houses would not mend a cold I had caught. I went, however, in the evening to the ball at court, which was, as usual, very handsome. The Empress of Russia was not there; she had nearly a tumble at the play which was at the Princess Bagration's the night before, which had annoyed her Imperial Majesty a good deal, and she staid at home in consequence. The Emperor of Austria has also a bad cold.

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